HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GREAT ATTRACTIONS!

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for DECEMBER, will contain, in addition to the usual attractions, the commencement of two brilliant Stories, viz.:

I. THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY, with numerous humorous Illustrations by the Author.

II. JACK OF ALL TRADES. A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE. Written exclusively for *Harper's Magazine*, by CHARLES READE, Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Never too late to Mend," etc.

These Stories, by two of the foremost writers of the age, will be continued, from month to month, in the Magazine, until completed.

The December Number commences a New Volume, and is a favorable time for new Subscribers to begin.

THE MEETING OF SOVEREIGNS AT STUTTGARDT.

THE picture given below represents the royal box at the theatre at Stuttgardt, on the occasion of the grand performance given a few days since in honor of the assembled sovereigns. The reader will recognize the Emperors of Russia and of France; the King of Wurtemberg, the Empress of Russia, and the Queens of Wurtemberg and Greece complete the tableau. So royal an assemblage has seldom been gathered together within the narrow limits of an opera box.

It is pretty well known that the most beautiful of the royal ladies of Europe, the lovely Empress Eugénie, was not present at the interview at Stuttgardt. She had intended to accompany her husband, but the foolish Empress of Russia, inflated with senseless pride, declined to meet her. It was accordingly arranged that the Emperors were to meet without their wives; but no sooner had the Russian Empress ascertained that Eugénie was not to be present, than she took the first train and joined her husband. She was willing enough to make the acquaintance of the Emperor of the French; but she did not care about risking a comparison between her fascinations and those of the bewitching Eugénie.

There was a reason for this at which even the best-informed correspondents have only ventured to hint. Not many years since, when Eugénie was a mere Spanish beauty, floating through society in search of a husband, she spent a winter at St. Petersburg. The lion of "the best society" that winter was the Count of G——, a young man endowed with remarkable personal attractions, witty, accomplished, and a proverbial lady-killer. The present Empress of Russia, then mere Archduchess, was so much impressed by the Count that she granted him the high favor of her particular protection; being herself, from various reasons, above the reach of idle scandal, she admitted the Count to an intimacy which, under any other circumstances, or with any other lady, would have led to much gossip. The Archduchess could afford to allow newsmongers to talk as they pleased. The Count spent his mornings and most of his evenings at her residence; he drove with her, read with her, sang with her. The late Emperor Nicholas used to quiz his son, and say that he really hardly knew which was which, the Archduke or the fascinating Count de G——.

It was toward the close of that winter that Eugénie de Montijo was introduced into the society of the Russian capital. Those who are familiar with Court gossip are well aware that Eugénie had just been jilted by an English nobleman, who, after paying her the most devoted attentions, had deserted her to marry the daughter of a wealthy London brewer. Eugénie, whose mind does not rise above the natural feminine sphere, felt the necessity of retrieving herself by a *coup d'état*. She took but a few days to ascertain that the Count de G—— was the most *éclatant* conquest she could make at St. Petersburg—the more dazzling, as the favor of the Archduchess seemed at the time to engross him entirely. She laid her plans with the skill of a veteran intriguer. The first time she met the Count she bewildered him by the intense admiration she evinced for him; the next time she snubbed him; again she seemed to be miserable out of his society; and again she affected to be *ennuyé* of his attentions. By these and other manœuvres she contrived—remember that she is one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in Europe—to turn the Count's head. He declared himself in love; she laughed heartily at the idea. He asseverated his protestations in the most frantic manner; she laughed more heartily than ever; protested that she believed he was only using her as a cloak for his admiration for the Archduchess; and, finally, dared him to *cut* the Archduchess at a ball which was to be given that evening at the Prince Galitzin's.

It must not be supposed that the Archduchess was insensible to what was passing. She had noticed—as what woman does not—the influence the pretty Spaniard was acquiring over the Count's mind, and had rallied him agreeably on the subject—feeling herself, meanwhile, any thing but agreeable at the slight. Gossips pretend that she had resolved to bring the question to an issue at that very ball at Prince Galitzin's; at all events, she was evidently prepared to resort to extreme measures for the extinction of her rival when the ball came off.

The Grand Duchess, who is rather homely, was dressed in the most admirable manner; her jewels were the admiration of every one; and such was the skill of her maids, that she appeared not only to be young, but to be beautiful. Eugénie had dressed with equal art, but there was this difference between her and her rival; in the get-up of the latter, the most conspicuous feature was the ingenuity displayed—in that of her rival, the seeming absence of art. Eugénie wore the simplest dress, without ornament or jewels; she might have been a pretty Brooklyn girl going to her first ball, at no greater expense than that of her gloves and shoes.

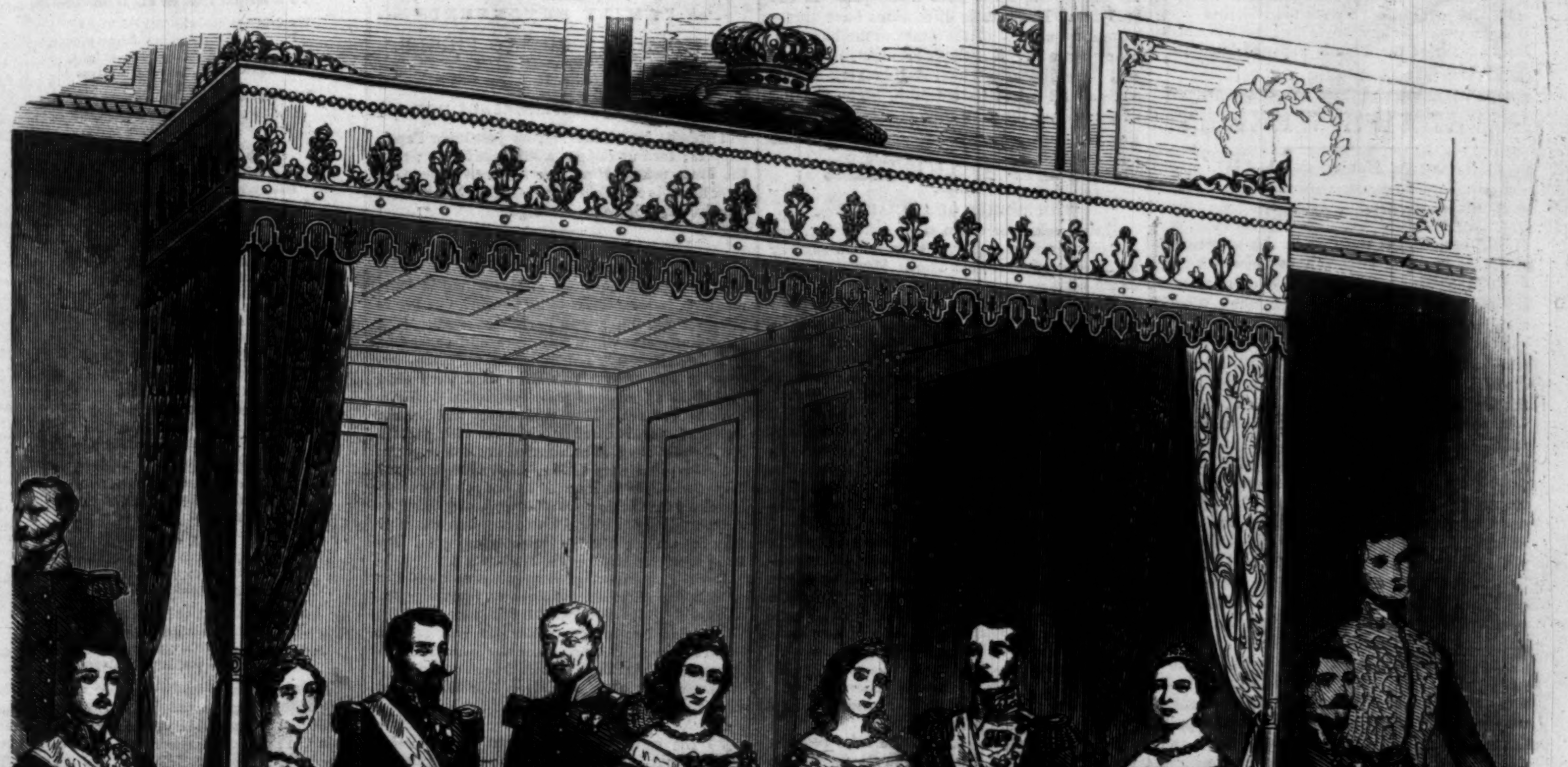
She conquered. The Count, who had watched for her appearance, seized upon her when she entered the ball-room.

"Monsieur Butterfly," said she, in a bewitching undertone, "remember your oath."

And he remembered it.

The Grand Duchess revolved round him that evening like a satellite. She met him at the promenade; she was in his way when he led Eugénie through a waltz; she sat beside them in a lonely boudoir prepared for lovers only; she was opposite them at the supper-table. But never once, throughout that evening, did the Count betray any consciousness of her presence. He was pale and agitated; but he remembered his oath; and after hours of suffering the Grand Duchess left the ball in a state of agonized exasperation.

Of course, the next day, nothing was talked of in good society at St. Petersburg but the conquest of the *seduisante Espagnole*, and the mortification of *cette pauvre Grande Duchesse*. The Count was more of a lion than ever, and even Alexander himself was roused from his apathy to declare that he was a *gaillard*. His wife swore to be revenged, and



THE SOVEREIGNS AT THE THEATRE AT STUTTGARDT.

this Stuttgardt insult is the first installment of her vengeance.

The King of Wurtemberg, one of the oldest if not the oldest sovereign in Europe, bore arms against the elder Napoleon. He commanded a division in the army raised in Germany to dethrone him. He is a man of small mind and opaque skull; it is understood that he still adheres to the prejudices of his youth. When the Emperor Napoleon arrived at Stuttgardt, the King was in waiting at the station. The Emperor sprang lightly from the car, and seizing the poor old King by the neck, kissed him on either cheek. The King, who had overcome his prejudices so far as to be willing to meet the Emperor amicably, and even to shake hands with him, was quite overcome by this extra-paternal embrace. The gossips say that he did not get over it for a whole day, and that he kept repeating in German expletives equivalent to "The jackanapes! The snob! The chevalier d'industrie!"

There was another personage in this royal assembly who may deserve a particular notice. This was Amelie, Queen of Greece. She has filled some small space in history, by her self-willed obstinacy and her gay habits. Her husband, Otho, King of Greece, was chosen for his station by the combined monarchs of Europe chiefly because he was believed to be too imbecile to be dangerous; and his wife seems to entertain the same opinion of him. For several years she has been in fact the sovereign of Greece. What capacities she possesses for the station may be inferred from the condition of the unhappy kingdom of Greece.

She went to Stuttgardt under the wing of the Empress of Russia—of whom she is content to be a humble follower—in the hope that she might enlist the French Emperor on the side of some private schemes of her own in Grecian politics. Persons who have moved in diplomatic society in Europe are well aware that not many years since this same Queen of Greece, then a fierce legitimist, actually refused to permit Napoleon to be presented to her, on the ground that she was "overrun with such like vermin." To which Louis Napoleon, to whom the phrase was unmercifully reported in all its crudeness, is said to have replied that he had often heard that personal cleanliness was sadly neglected among the Greeks, but he had no idea that it prevailed to such an extent as this—even to the person of the sovereign.

What Amelie may have taken by her coquetries at Stuttgardt we shall learn in a few months.

When Lord Castlereagh wanted to win over the first Alexander of Russia, he employed a lady whose Protestant piety was as remarkable as her beauty of face and figure. There was only one thing which Alexander liked as well as a handsome woman, and that was Calvinism of the straitest type; and if there was any thing he preferred to strait Calvinism, it was a handsome, large, well shaped lady. So when he was assailed on both tender points at once, he succumbed directly; and the result was the alliance which led to the overthrow of Napoleon the First. Modern European monarchs are unfaithful to tradition; we are not told that there was any serpent or any Eve in the garden in which the Emperor of the French disported himself at Stuttgardt.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

THE revulsion is thrilling to the marrow of society. Our streets have been haunted during the past week by long processions of men calling themselves the "Unemployed Workmen," and crying aloud for Work and Bread.

The immediate occasion of these throngs was the failure of a project of the Mayor's for the distribution of 50,000 barrels of flour among the families of the unemployed. The end effected was to occasion a good deal of alarm among timid property-holders, and to chill a certain amount of sympathy that was being felt for the poor. As a general rule the processionists were of foreign birth, though some of their leaders were Americans, and somewhat known in political circles.

Of course no good effect could be produced by processions of angry men through the streets, crying for work and food. Such demonstrations could only tend to increase distrust, protract the existing embarrassment, and hence diminish the quantity of work to be given out among the unemployed. And least of all could any good effect be anticipated from such movements, when they proceed from persons whose citizenship, if it exist at all, is of very recent date indeed, and when the arguments by which these persons seek to enforce their demands, and the oratory with which they press their wants on public notice, are precisely the arguments and the oratory which are familiar in the mouths of the worst demagogues and most mischievous disturbers of the public peace in Europe. As a practical measure, the demonstrations must be considered wholly ill-advised.

But as we can not expect a drowning man's actions to be governed by the calm common-sense and deliberate foresight which actuates philosophers in the cabinet, must not some allowance be made for the sufferings of the unemployed, and may not their processions have been the fruit of feeling rather than calculation? Granted that they could gain nothing by them, can we expect them—while they are starving—to display the serene resignation and prudent demeanor of a Brutus or a Seneca?

Perhaps not. Perhaps the men who paraded our streets last week, calling for work or death, threatening the banks, threatening the Sub-Treasury, threatening the merchants, had no design in view, and only yielded on that occasion to the unwise promptings of an aggravated temper. In this view, we must pity rather than blame them. But in no view of their conduct can the public demonstrations of last week be considered without regret.

In some of the cities of Europe bodies of operatives have occasionally frightened the public authorities into donatives, or, as at Paris, into the creation of unnecessary work. The least reflection will satisfy every sane person that no such triumphs can be won here. Neither the government nor the wealthy class can be terrified into paying money as the purchase of peace. If it comes to the worst, in this State, the militia may be relied on.

But are we to let the unemployed starve? By no means. Of all the various measures of relief which have been proposed, that of proceeding at once with the public works which have been decided upon appears to be the more practical and effective. It is fixed that we are to have a new City Hall and a Central Park, and it is certain that the work to be consumed on these would more than keep all our unemployed busy all winter. It is further obvious that, at the present time, all such work could be done more cheaply than at any other. These reasons seem to point so imperatively to the expediency of setting about these works at once, that one can not but wonder that steps have not been taken already. If an act of the Legislature is necessary to raise the money, why is the Legislature not called together? If other obstacles stand in the way, why are they not removed?

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are over, and nobody seems to be surprised at the result. The Democrats seem to have regained their old ascendency in this State, while the Republicans have naturally elected Mr. Banks in Massachusetts. Mr. Banks will, unquestionably prove an excellent Chief Magistrate, and if Destiny should so order it that the party of which he is now a champion should cease to have a natural sphere of usefulness in the economy of our politics, he would doubtless loom up as an available leader of the dominant sect.

The State of New York has always been Democratic at heart. At times ephemeral fantasies have taken such hold upon the minds of the people of the rural districts that for a period the sceptre has departed from the Democracy. At times, too, splits have taken place in the party, and Democratic dissensions have transferred the control of the State to the hands of other factions. But these accidents overcome and these dissensions healed, New York has invariably rallied to its old faith. The election of this month illustrates the principle.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN.

HAPPY saint, for whom these golden days are named! In France they call the Indian summer St. Martin's summer; but who St. Martin was they do not say.

Was he some genial old man, out of whose heart the warmth did not die, nor the light from his eye, nor the spring from his step, even after the bloom of his cheeks had faded and the early snow streaked his thinning hair? Was his long age a charitable summer, with all the repose and soft splendor of autumn? Did the children love him and "pluck his gown?" Was he an abbot, or a friar, or a cardinal? It was not Pope Martin? Could an Inquisitor-General give his name to the Indian summer?

Let us think of him as of that calm, sweet Fra Angelico, the monk who painted in the convent of Saint Mark, and whose Madonnas are so beautiful, and his demons such mild and innocuous devils—like the bug-a-boos of the nursery—that you can not help laughing, and feel that the Dominican habit of Angelico was the fit symbol of his pure and innocent soul, which no contact with men could sully. He was well called Beato—the blessed; and the historians say he wept while he was painting his pictures. It is easier to believe the story than to disbelieve, for the tender grace of all his pictures has a feeling of tears.

Like some such monk must he have been for whom this season is named. You may see him in these days spreading his pallet with a gorgeous sunset, or with the glimmering, yellow light of woods, or the oily gleam of still waters spangled with dried, floating leaves. He broods over the landscape in pensive meditation. It is warm and misty, and the silence is profound. It is calm, and serious, and resigned. It is composed and fruitful old age. St. Martin lies on the hills; St. Martin rests in the woods; St. Martin hums low airs by the water-courses, and picks late asters along the road-side. And Martin in his capricious spring and in the height of his hot summer was not so much a saint as in these tranquil days.

DARK AGES.

GRUBBING among the remains of an old history of medieval Italy, the period which is the darkest and most hopeless in the annals of Christendom, the Lounger has found some curious and incredible facts, which he prints for the satisfaction of his friends and fellow-Loungers, that we may all congratulate ourselves once more upon our age and country. The names of the authorities, he is ashamed to say, have escaped his research. They will be doubtless familiar to the many eminent scholars who will read this paper.

In the year 857 the city (supposed by ten German commentators on the passage to be Florence, a theory which was universally received, until it was proved by nine French and three Dutch to be Pisa; whereupon the Florence theory was scouted by all scholars) was totally regardless of its honor, its decency, and its treasury. No citizen interested himself in affairs enough to secure the election of men of common honesty as lawgivers, or, as they were termed, alemen (*i. e.*, drinkers of ale; hence turtle-soup by periphrasis. Aldermen, Ang.-Sax., corruption of Alemanni—a Gothic tribe—vulgar German; muddle-headed, dense, with large bellies. See aldermen in any common council, or other tureen or sty). There was great dearth this year. Things failed or broke (Trib., Her.). Some tried to manufacture purses of pigs' ears (Tymez). There was great hunger, and the chief of the city proposed that the city should feed the poor, or that the poor should sack the city. People with dinners said it was sad, and did nothing; hungry common people did things. Anarchy and bloodshed followed, and the same chief was re-elected by the indifference of the citizens.

The same year a gallant stole a wife's honor and pocket-handkerchiefs, and compelled her to sell her diamonds to support him. He beat her and tore her clothes, and finally exposed her by name to the laugh of the town, after she had been hardly treated by her husband. The lawyers, men of great honor, eloquence, and wit, and the Judge, whose name is forgotten, dragged the exposure through five days.

The same year lawgivers shot evil-doers in traveling vehicles; young men shot their elders in hotels, laughing at the law; but the citizens were so busy with declaring how great, good, and glorious, and how eminently superior they were to all other people that ever had been, or should, or could be, that they had no time to attend to general ruin, and demoralization, and open crime.

Dark ages, indeed! How refreshing to turn from the crumbling pages of old chronicles, that record disaster and public shame, to the newspapers of our own happy day—cheap newspapers, a luxury unknown in other ages! Let us rinse out of our minds the taste of those bad old times by these photographs of the new. So, so. Look only at these lovely captions:

"THIRD HUNGER-MEETING."

"**WORK OR DEATH!**"

"END OF THE WOODMAN CASE."

"A RECORD OF CRIME."

"A TALE OF SEDUCTION AND BLOOD."

"A BANK PRESIDENT SHOT."

"A FAMILY BUTCHERED."

"AN OLD MAN CUT TO PIECES."

"MASKED RUFFIANS IN NEW ORLEANS."

"**MURDER AT THE ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.**"

That's it, Jenny, dear. Now just bring Papa's slippers; turn up the gas a little bit higher; give the fire a poke. How cheerful! how charming! How horrible those old times seem by the contrast! Hey! Jenny, dear? Now begin.

NOX DELMONICA.

A WEDDING DINNER.

YOUNG people are fond of speculating in what month it is pleasantest to be married, but lovers always think this month is the best of all. If it be summer—are there not roses and sunshine? If it be winter—do not bridal smiles make sunshine and flowers? To-morrow is a word good enough for friends and philosophers, but to-day is Love's only time. There is no month that has not its peculiar charm, and it is not surprising that a certain poet chose to be married in October.

If the place were Gotha, what is that to us? May not people be married in Gotha without offense? If the bride were a German, were her eyes therefore likely to be less blue or her hair less fair? May not the banks of the Rhine by any possibility be as lovely as those of the Hudson?

But the kind heart of the poet was not satisfied to be happy all alone. He wished to know, as he stood with his bride under the golden leaves of the Thuringian forest, that friends not only remembered him and his happiness in the general friendly way, but that those who had been his especial companions at home should on that fair day of days meet and pledge together his life-long happiness.

So the certain poet wrote out to his native country that a banquet should be eaten by those friends upon the wedding-day—a love-feast of friendship—which should be a sign of amity and sympathy, and engage them all in direct and simultaneous remembrance.

The evening came, not long ago, a misty October evening; at that mellow time when in the woods the yellow leaves yet hung upon the trees; and the clear, bright sunlight shone upon the reaped fields; and red berries, and garnered harvests, and echoing flail, and crisp autumnal air were full of tender insinuations of the closing of the out-door world, and the coming of Christmas and cheerful holidays—the shutting in of domesticity and peace.

The guests—they were but eight—friends of the poet and of each other, sat down to a modest banquet as beseems the times. The Tribune of the people was enthroned at the head of the board, both because he was the more frequent and particular correspondent of the wandering poet, and because of that sparkling tongue and magisterial behavior which seem the natural indications of a leader whether of the few or the many. At his right sat Paul Fane, who smiles at Time and makes Time smile; and who, at least a dozen years ago (the poet is married now), stood as god-father for the first verselets of the hero of the hour. Then came that son of Arcady, Buongiovanni, under whose pencil eternal summer smiles, and by him sat that earliest, kindest friend of the poet, who served him with the paper, types, and ink, without which the sweetest poets are dumb to the world, and without which, in this especial instance, the world could never have known that Europe might be viewed afoot, with only staff and knapsack. At the other end of the table, opposite the Tribune, sat the singer of the "Songs of Summer," twin bard of him whose nuptials the banquet commemorated, and who had himself said to this singer:

> "There Pan should o'er my sacrifice preside,
> And there Apollo your oblation gild:
> He is your god, but mine is shaggy Pan;
> Yet, as their music no discordance made,
> So shall our offerings side by side be laid,
> And the same wind the rival incense fan."

Then the jubilant painter, whose bold hand upon one canvas is making thirty authors immortal—of whom how many will owe their only fame to him! by him the venerable Auctor Ignotus, the mild octogenarian, who loves the smile, and wit, and happy jest of those young friends; and at his side, completing eight, and opposite Paul Fane, whose eye was most fraternal when it fell on him, sat that young Orpheus, to whose large, loving heart the hearts of all his friends incline, and murmur, with the old chivalric loyalty, *O Richard! O mon roi!*

These were the friends and guests who, on the evening of the twenty-seventh of October, in this year of grace, pledged standing, and with resounding *skoal*, the health and endless happiness of their absent friend. Doubtless that fair foreign bride had many gifts that day, but she could hardly have counted any so costly, nor so warmly to be cherished, as the kind words that were spoken of her husband by those she did not know in a land she never saw. Paul Fane and the poet's Moxon-and-Murray related the incidents of their earliest acquaintance with him. The rest told over their perfumed beads upon the rosary of remembrance, and however the conversation wandered from the hero and the hour, it fondly and constantly returned.

It was becoming that, when the smoke was densest and conviviality most hilarious, the grave Senior Auctor Ignotus should presume upon his years to summon the company to listen to an epithalamium, and be the reverend, if somewhat cracked and cackling voice,

> "Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
> That all the woods them answer and their echo ring!"

Poor old gentleman! his verses had an elegiac tone, but the kind company laughed so naturally that it showed how in generous souls politeness is a principle and a second nature.

To a certain Poet on his Wedding-day.

We drink to one who Bayard hight,
  In whose fine heart and falcon glance,
We hail once more the noble knight,
  And gallant gentleman of France.

We toast a Taylor—one who cuts
  Out all our books, but not our breeches;
A lucky wight, who gathers rents,
  Not with a stitch, but with distiches.

Whatever fashion may be out,
  His work is very sure to please;
A Taylor who loves sauer-kraut,
  And yet who never cabbages.

We pledge a poet crowned with bay,
  Whose every leaf his country knows;
Strange—though in verse he have his way—
  That every reader cons his prose.

We drink a traveler, who goes
  In a bee line to sea to see
What comes of following that nose
  That knows the way to Arcady:

A traveler whose earnest aim
  The sources of the Nile to scan,
By way of contrast feeds the flame
  Of travel with the Isle of Man.

We Benedicks had sore alarms;
  His flowers might not end in fruit;
But Bayard now lays down his arms—
  This knight, our Taylor, follows suit.

We pledge a maid, we ne'er shall know—
  A wife, whom one day we shall see:
The years that Banyan-like shall grow,
  We pledge the children that shall be.

O friend beloved, and friend unknown!
  Ye stand 'mid bridal songs and flowers;
And with the blessings o'er ye thrown,
  We breathe a prayer and mingle ours!

The night was already morning when the last ring of the last glass ended, and the last reluctant resolution of separation was fulfilled. Yet, before rising, Paul Fane generously bade every man (there were seven!) to Idlewild upon the following Saturday, with the promise of a bed, and as many days and dinners as each should choose. And so, "glad at heart" but very slowly, the guests departed.

And yet this nuptial feast—this *Nox Delmonica*, which those friends shall long and lovingly remember, was really an *auto da fé*—an act of faith. They celebrated nuptials they only supposed to be performed; they pledged a bride, of whose marriage they could not hear for three weeks; a bridegroom who might yet be a dreary bachelor!

But some things are sure before we know they have happened—roses in June, for instance, or a poet's wedding on the appointed day.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

A PROPER Lounger has, of course, lounged all about the world, and has often enough heard from fellow-Loungers that true lounging is even more possible in the cafés of Cairo, or by the banks of the sacred streams Abana and Pharpar—upon the brilliant Boulevards, or in Windsor Forest, than it is in Broadway or Wall Street—on the Levee of

New Orleans, or among the pine-woods of the Aroostook.

So, in days of foreign lounging, once we came to Berlin, in Prussia. The Viennese laugh at Berlin. The gay Austrians, whose nature, like Mozart's music, combines Italy with Germany — sense with soul — think their dear brothers of Berlin a sadly "slow" set, and the grave Berliners despise, in turn, the easy grace and sunny smile of Austria. But in those Wander-years the King of Prussia was by no means "slow," in many senses. He was, quite on the contrary, "fast." He drank private Champagne. He boozed, in truth, if so unhandsome a word may be applied to royalty. It was notorious that the wicked *Punch* never portrayed the Majesty of Prussia without a bottle on the table in the background, and in front a crowned individual, very uncertain on his legs. It was treasonable. The Champagne might have been of good flavor, but surely (we appeal to every loyal Lounger), surely the figure was in bad taste. Because the moment you suggest that kings are not models of sobriety, where are you?

The good, apoplectic monarch! (apoplectic, we observe, is not a disloyal term, because great and good men — even Presidents of Banks — are sometimes afflicted with that inconvenience). How he used to ride about, with a heavy helmet on his head! How he used to call the people "dear Berliners!" How he used to give the spectator an uncomfortable idea that he did not feel himself equal to his father's place! How he tried to be despotic before '48, and failed sadly! How he tried to be democratic after '48, and put himself at the head of "the German Empire," and failed even more sadly! How good he was, and how he did drink Champagne, to be sure! Poor old Frederick William IV. that he was, and couldn't seem to fit any where.

He had no children, but he had a severe brother, a stern Prince of Prussia, a year or two younger than himself. This gentleman is the heir of the crown. But what a situation! All his life he was only a year or two behind his brother, and when the brother was old enough to die, will any philosopher announce how much reign probably remained to the Prince of Prussia? Perhaps it was this perpetual consciousness that he would always be on the point of being King, and never really so, that made him so grim. He was fierce against the people in '48, and was obliged to take his umbrella, like the King of France, and steal away to England. It is his son who holds the winning hand, a mild young prince, who will marry Victoria's daughter next winter, and ascend the throne as soon thereafter as possible. Poor Prince of Prussia! between his brother and his son what a very small corner of the throne he will have to sit upon.

But the news is (or are, if any fastidious reader prefer, or prefers) that the monarch himself will hardly reign any more. He went to meet his imperial cousins of Russia and Austria, and traveled with them in a railway carriage, and they, to pass the time, smoked. The imperial and royal cigars filled the carriage with a dense smoke, and the King of Prussia fell asleep. Alas! he will probably never fully awake again. The narcotic stupefied him. When the train stopped, he slept on. He could not be roused. When, at length, he opened his eyes, his mind did not open. He was half insensible, and was taken to his bed, where, though his general health is mending, his brain does not improve. It is probably fatally injured. It is a semi-paralysis—a softening of the brain, and a Regency will probably be appointed.

"Alas, poor Yorick!" It is the natural epitaph of those of whom no more can be said. This time it commemorates no infinite jest, no excellent humor, but it has the touch of compassion which is inseparable from such an aimless life and ending. It is a hard thing to be a king when a king is hedged with divinity no longer, and is merely a man tried by a thousand rigorous responsibilities, and a conspicuous object of universal criticism. Modern "divine right" disappeared utterly when the king whom the Parisians elected ran away from them, as Mr. Smith with a baggy family umbrella. Shades of Charlemagne and Charles the Fifth! Alas, poor Yorick!

THE MAIL.

WHAT a capacity of expression the human family has!

When the Lounger intimated that he should keep a box for the reception of letters from those who had no other convenient method of secretly communicating with the public, he had little idea what was to follow. Last week he printed several of the letters he had received, and now he has to insert others, partly provoked by those previous ones, and he begins to ask himself where he is.

For instance:

To the Lounger.—Private.

DEAR LOUNGER,—I see that my old lady has written you one of her high-flyers. She is a crusher, isn't she? You'll find it out as I have. By-the-by, how did you know that I really *did* wonder what had become of little Kate? You must be rather a curious fellow. A Yankee, hey? Good at guessing, hey? Because, you see, I should as soon shave my head off as whisper such a thing. No, *Sir;* that isn't the way at our house; and how you should have found it out beats me.

For all that, I do wonder. When I first came to town I was engaged to the dearest, sweetest, modestest, quietest, lispingest, lovingest, little pussy-tootsey you ever saw. It was beautiful. We used to go to the Minstrels', and Niblo's, and sometimes even to the Opera. Oh, my! My darling little Kate was so timid and bashful, and I walked along so proud and gay, and wanted somebody to speak to her saucy, so that I might knock him into the gutter. But he didn't. Nobody did. Dear me, I don't believe any body was ever so happy. One day the dear girl, with many blushes, and in a very shrinking way, asked me when I thought we should be married! I went up to the seventh heaven, and we were married. Such a white satin gown you never saw, and such orange flowers. Oh, dear! As for me, I came out strong in colors. I had an idea of rainbows and covenants, you know, and those things; so I appeared in a blue cravat, a green waistcoat, a love of an embroidered shirt-bosom, with yellow undershirt to throw out the embroidery, and sort of spangly figures on the waistcoat, claret coat, and yellow and red mixed pantaloons. I felt considerable gorgeous naturally. But the dear little Kate! Ah, Mr. Lounger!

Well, what's the use? We were married and made a little bridal trip out on the Central, and home on the Erie. Well, again. Now from that moment my wife began to grow. Of course—but then I don't mean that. She grew fat—awfully fat, and she didn't seem little any more—how could she? And she talked a great deal, and very loud; and began to speak sharp to me. Sometimes I really believed she was scolding me—I haven't any doubt about it now—and I somehow found myself afraid to sing and whistle about the house, afraid to smoke, afraid to dine out, to stay out, afraid to ask any body home to dinner. I found myself rocking the cradle, and walking about in my nightcap koo-coo-ing to the baby, and scraping its chin with a spoon, and trying to hush it up from crying.

Why did I do it?

Good Heavens! Have you had a note from Mrs. O'Rumpkin, and ask me why I did it?

Because, by some horrid juggle, the dear little Kate to whom I was engaged had vanished, and there was an oppressive woman in her place who insisted upon being my wife, and, what was worse, that I should be her husband. What *can* I do? How can I discover my sweetheart in this matron? It is not I who walk along proud and gay any longer. And it's dreadful to think of, but I am afraid if he did rush out and say something saucy I should kind of chuckle. But he wouldn't. Mrs. Catherine O'Rumpkin would present her compliments to him.

There!—Good-by, dear Lounger! I hope you will beware of dear little Kates, for you see what they end in. Bless your unsuspicious soul, don't you think I was as innocent as you are? Oh dear! the baby's waking up, although I have poured down lots of Godfrey and Munn, and have been rocking the cradle with one foot like mad all the time I've been writing.

Yours respectfully,
And anonymously,
TERENCE O'RUMPKIN.

To the Lounger.

MR. LOUNGER,—The daily papers print an extract of a letter from a noble lord's daughter in England to the daughter of some noble lord in New York, as follows:

"Is Miss Flora M'Flimsey meant to represent a person in the highest class of life? For, you know, in England the subject of dress is one that is quite ignored in good society. We remark that such a person may dress well, or the contrary, but any lady who talked a great deal, or even showed that she thought a great deal, about her dress, would be set down as a bore and, as we express it, would be sent to Coventry.

"We take it for granted that the art of dress comes naturally to a lady-like mind, and requires no thought or effort; consequently any one too smart is generally set down as a person with bad taste and vulgar. This is how we settle things here, and we should not stand Miss Flora for an hour. Our papers have of late written a great deal against ladies' dress, and very rightly too, for the present fashion is absurd and unnatural."

Pooh! its clear enough that the *young* lady who wrote that will never see thirty again. The idea of Miss John Bull, aged (at least) thirty-six, undertaking to talk about dress is too absurd! "The subject of dress is ignored in good English society." Whew! So it is! Such another set of dowdies it would be hard to find as a party at Almack's (or Willis's rooms). Grace, beauty, style, taste, every thing that constitutes the charm of dress *is* ignored. The older ladies wear jewels strung across the bosoms of their dresses in front, and the most celebrated English belle would make a Parisian grisette shudder. And, tell me, who wouldn't rather be "sent to Coventry" or any other rural retreat with a sweet, modest, neatly and gracefully dressed grisette than a dress-ignoring English young lady?

"The art of dress comes naturally to a lady-like mind!" Now don't say so, for if it be true, the English women haven't lady-like minds, and I know to the contrary: "A person in the highest class of life" in England wouldn't hesitate a moment to sell a daughter to a Duke—yes, Sir, that is what I mean, *sell a daughter to a Duke*—although I know the rose would have quite another name—but if she thought a good deal about her dress "would be set down as a bore!" Highly likely, of course. All the fun in *Punch* about ladies' dresses does not hit "the highest class of life—oh no, of course not! All the novels of English society, all the pictures, all the plays, all the satire, have nothing to do with that lofty indifference to dress which distinguishes the higher circles. Oh no; far from it! And "the present fashion" which this letter calls "absurd and unnatural," and which "our papers" have been writing against, is only an affair of cooks and chambermaids, and does not concern us of the higher class who have just instincts of beauty in dress, at all, at all; certainly not!

Now, Mr. Lounger, the girls in New York may be silly enough, and idle enough, and vain enough of their hoops, but why should an English woman undertake to say that English women are so fearfully sensible and good that they never trouble their minds about dressing? It makes me mad to read such "good" twaddle. Do what we will, "England" and "English society" are the twin rods in pickle for us, as if a society whose folly one of the noblest literatures in the world has employed itself in exposing were so very desirable a model.

Ever yours with respect,
BOADICEA BROWN SMITHSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—NELLY LANCER.—If you have any self-respect, or wish other people to respect you, you will never dance with a tipsy man, nor with any other man whom you do not choose to honor in that way. Your will is sufficient in the matter. If Edward Sherry asks you why not? you can say "Because I prefer not." If he is a gentleman, he will ask nothing more. If he is not a gentleman, why do you speak with him?

You think "it is very odd," and "will look so." But is it not rather odd that your father's daughter should dance in a crowded room by a tipsy man? How "will it look" that you should be encircled by the arm of a man who has to hold himself up by clinging to your waist?

Do you think you must give up dancing, if you don't dance with every body? Then you are a silly little sparrow. Are you the toy of the men? Do you live by their sufferance? Do you suppose any decent man and good dancer is going to have less pleasure in dancing with you, because you won't dance with a zany? Why, a word in your ear. The Lounger goes to clubs where young women do not go, and whenever Edward Sherry dances when he is tipsy with you or any other girl, he speaks of you afterward to a few men at the club as you would not care to be spoken of. In fine, if you have no principle, if you are more afraid of a drunken booby's impudence than of the disapproval of your own heart and of the judgment of all kind and sensible men and women, dance hard all winter, dance every German with Edward Sherry. But if you mean to be your own mistress, and to dance and enjoy yourself without despising yourself, choose your own partners among those that offer, and let the men understand that you are not a fool because you are a pretty woman and a charming dancer.

—DEAR MRS. GRIDDLE,—The Lounger has perused your little note with lively concern. Husbands, in general, are sadly in need of reformation. They seem to think, with Mr. Griddle, they have nothing to do at home but to wear dressing gowns and smoke. This is a superstition which must be repressed at all hazards. Why not, dear Mrs. Sabina, found a society for the education of husbands, with an anniversary meeting in May, and speeches by distinguished clergymen? That is a favorite way with many people of helping themselves. Or you might issue a book, the publication beginning with the "thirtieth thousand," and call it *Every Woman her own Husband*, showing how women could do without husbands, and invite all suffering wives to present marked copies to their husbands. That is a favorite way with many whose woes seemed to be relieved by literary expression. Or, finally, suppose you should put the case to Mr. Griddle, just as it stands, and ask him if he thinks it gentlemanly to leave all the heavy drudgery of life to you. Try this last. It is even better than books or conventions.

—The Lounger presents his compliments to Mrs. CATHERINE O'RUMPKIN, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of her polite communication. The Lounger is unaffectedly surprised and grieved that Mrs. O'Rumpkin should have discovered any thing reprehensible in his conduct, and sincerely trusts that in all their future intercourse both she and Mr. O'R. will have every reason to applaud the delicacy of his discrimination, and the justice of his animadversions. Meanwhile he begs to inclose a coral ring for the youngest infant, with the sympathetic hope that Mr. O'R. succeeded in his laudable effort at infantile pacification.

—XANTIPPE is referred to Miss (or Mrs.) Boadicea Brown Smithson, whose letter appears in the present number. Any person desirous of communicating with either of those ladies, after the interview, will please address *Kilkenny Cats* at this office.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

GREAT DISTRESS UP TOWN.

WE have had the Faubourg St. Antoine in the Park this week, and that is a subject too serious for these papers. In it are involved certain great principles of social and political economy which no Bohemian can understand, or care any thing about if he did understand them. But I have been deeply affected by the terrible distress among some of the dear creatures who live in the aristocratic districts of the city; indeed their sufferings are sufficient to appall the stoutest heart.

Their natural protectors have cut off the supplies.

"Fathers," says the "divine Williams," "have flinty hearts." But we may go farther, putting husbands, guardians, and brothers in the same hard category. They are oysters which can not be opened.

The New York female depends chiefly upon dry goods for the exercise of those terrible fascinations whereby are enmeshed the poor things that wear trowsers. Now, Sir, though dry goods are cheap enough, so the girls say, the men absolutely refuse to disburse. They say they have no money. "What is that to me?" says the New York female; "they ought to have money. What right have they to be without money?" What, indeed! Miss Blank must have a new set of furs. To be sure she has ermine—but who wears ermine now? Nobody that she knows. Mink is the article. She ought to have sable, to tell the honest truth, but Blank *père* says it is all stuff and nonsense, and talks some humbug about economy. What have young ladies in society to do with economy? What is life without mink? A dreary waste.

Mrs. Blank has been obliged to discharge all but five servants, and she has four Blanks in the family. What are these four poor people to do during the winter, with only five servants! You have heard of Nena Sahib. Well, he is a great rascal, and when the English get him they will make a *ragout* of him. Old Blank is the Nena Sahib of private life. The chateau Blank, by rights, should have new carpets this year. Old Blank won't listen to it. Unless Mrs. Blank has some fresh ingrain, I can not answer for her actions. There is no limit to the vengeance of an outraged woman. The Hope of the Family, Blank *jeune*, has been cut down to sixty dollars a month, not enough for his cigars, when "Partaga's firsts" can not be had for less than eighty dollars per thousand. But the worst crime of all is yet to come. Like Iago, old Blank has it in his head, but trembles on the brink of committing it. He asked madame the other day, did she think she could manage (if things came to the worst) to do without the carriage this winter?

When Miss Blank revealed to me the extent of the old villain's enormity, I shuddered.

And yet, Sir, he goes down to Wall Street every day, meets his fellow-men patronizingly, gives the people in the Bank a nod or grasp of the hand, according to their state, and altogether holds up his head like a respectable citizen.

Are Jove's lightnings exhausted for telegraphic purposes? I fear so. Else old Blank would have never lived to ask for his "second cup" on that eventful morning.

The reply of madame was such as might have been expected from a woman of spirit. "It is none of my business, Sir, what things come to; but as for riding in a stage I *never* will, and that's the end of it."

Old Blank, the wretch, thought she'd think better of it, and began reading the money article in the *Courier and Enquirer.*

You'll hear of a massacre of fathers of families some fine morning if this distress up town continues. You know what some poet says about a woman scorned; well, Sir, that's nothing. You may scorn a woman as much as you like, but cut off her Valenciennes, her mink, and her *moire antique*—well, my imagination is not equal to a description of the result.

THE ACADEMY REDIVIVUS.

OUR Opera, which opens and shuts like a clam, has waked up again, and gave us Semiramide and Rigoletto this week. I sympathize very deeply with many of the Bohemians who have been excised from the free list. Their familiar faces no longer ornament the lobbies. Their charmingly audible criticisms over their *entre acte* beer are hushed. What will they do during the cold winter nights, I should like to know? I call for a public meeting of the "dead heads" to stigmatize the inhumanity of the managers in such terms as it deserves. The Opera is not bad, however, even when you pay, if one could bring himself to such a thing. The new tenor is quite good looking (so Ethelinda says), has a good voice, and sings well. Just before I arrived at the Academy a young Bohemian came running up and informed me that he was without pecuniary resources, and that he momentarily expected to be called upon to meet some pressing engagements—or, as he expressed it, he "hadn't got no money to buy bread with," and was very hungry. I replied politely, "My young friend, it gives me a melancholy pleasure to find some one in the same condition as myself. I also am without funds. Ethelinda, have you money?"

"Why," returned the most magnificent of her sex, "how can you ask such a question? I had to borrow five cents to buy *Harper's Weekly* with this very day."

"You see," said I to my friend the small Bohemian, "that I am unable to assist you. In point of fact I have no money whatever."

"Then," he returned, with more acerbity in his manner and voice than the occasion required, "*why didn't you tell me so before?*"

I desire to make this public apology for taking up so much of my young friend's valuable time, thereby deterring him from exercising the duties of his vocation.

THE KITCHEN.

I SEE that a very estimable lady has lately published a book upon the *cuisine*, in which she tells people how to fold a napkin in one hundred different ways. Now, Sir, as a Bohemian, I have officiated often as *chef* for several camps, and can grill herrings over a gas-light, or can get up a *poulet à la financière* with equal facility. I tell you plainly that the American kitchen is the worst in the world; and this fact is owing more to the multiplicity and diffuseness of cookery books than any thing else. The receipts are well enough as guides, but the skillful combination of articles of apparently opposite qualities, which are harmonized by the effects of fire, is something that can not be obtained without practice. Your American cook depends entirely upon her book without attempting any analysis of her own. I shall have something more to say about eating and drinking in New York one of these days. It is a great wonder to me how any of us have any digestive organs left at all. If there must be cookery books, give us a plain pamphlet of a hundred pages with some simple receipts —Miss Beecher's is the best.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE market is not lively just now. The first fruit of the copyright law has descended upon the head of Mr. Burton, who has been obliged to withdraw "Janet Pride" in consequence of a threatened injunction from the author, Mr. Bourcicault. That is good; nearly all the managers treat their fiddlers with more courtesy than their authors. At Laura Keene's Theatre they have got out a queer French drama, "The Sea of Ice," in which there is *such* a wicked pirate, *such* a nice young lady, *such* a dear duck of a good young man, and *such* a funny fellow—oh! you can't think (that's Ethelinda's description). Well, the good young woman and the good young man suffer, oh! *so* much from the pirate, and he wants the young woman to marry him, and she won't, and then he puts the good young man in the Bastile or some place, and then she has the pirate, just to humbug him, you know, and then she exposes him and gets the young man out, and then the pirate gets shot by the funny man with a large pistol. And it's *so* nice—oh! you can't think! Quite original, too, isn't it?

BOHEMIEN.

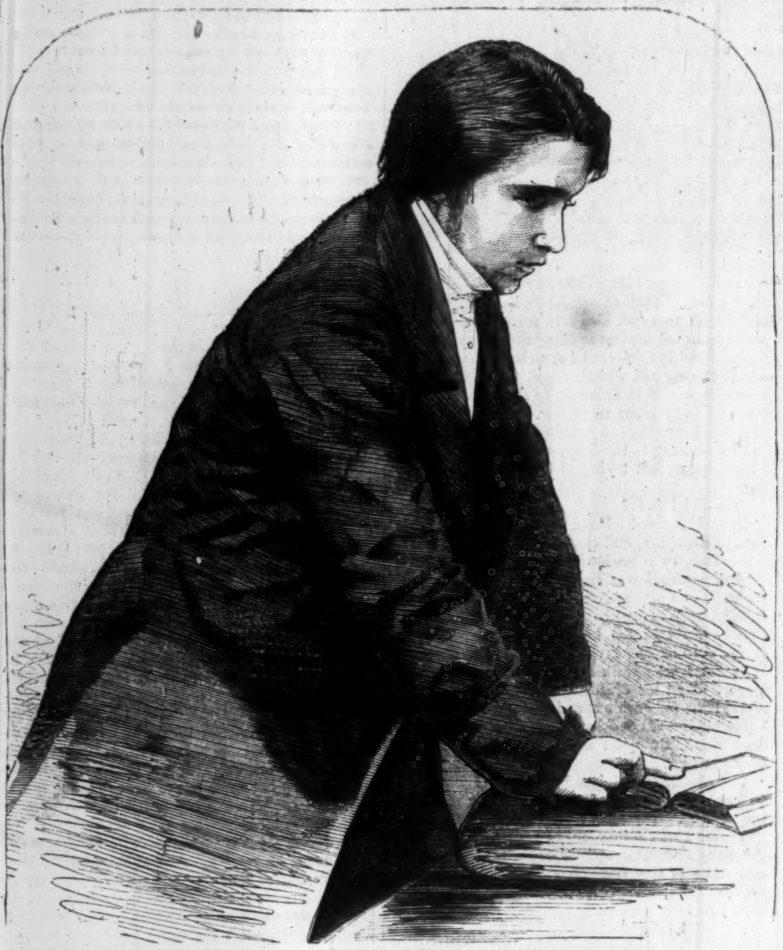
THE REVEREND C. H. SPURGEON AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE engrave herewith a portrait of the Reverend C. H. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher of England, from a recent photograph. The picture below represents the audience which collected to hear him preach at the Crystal Palace on the Day of National Humiliation. It was the largest audience perhaps that ever collected to hear a preacher; no less than thirty thousand persons are said to have been present.

The Reverend Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, in Essex, England, on 10th June, 1834. His father, whose calling as a layman is not generally known, occupies, on Sunday, the position of pastor of a small Independent Church in Essex; and his grandfather, the Reverend James Spurgeon, still officiates as pastor of the Stambourne Independents, near Halsted, in the same county. This grandfather has recently come before the public as the author of a biography of his grandson—a singular reversal of the usual practice, by which the office of biographer is performed by the children for the fathers.

Shortly after his birth, young Spurgeon was removed to the house of this grandfather for his education. As a boy he was remarkable for truthfulness, seriousness, and piety. He "was often found in the hayrack, or the manger, reading aloud, talking, or sometimes preaching, to his brothers and sisters." He enjoyed the benefit of a good school education at Colchester, and subsequently attended some classes at an agricultural college at Maidstone; but his friends could not persuade him to go to Oxford or Cambridge. He was satisfied, he said, that he ought to be doing something more useful at his time of life than reading Latin and Greek. In his sixteenth year he entered upon independent life by becoming usher in a school.

Within a few months afterward he took a very bold step. Doubts having arisen in his mind on the subject of baptismal regeneration, he resolved to quit the Independent Church; and neither his father nor his grandfather being able to controvert his arguments, he made a public profession of faith as a member of the Baptist denomination on May 3, 1850. His emotion at going through the ceremony was increased by the reflection that it was his mother's birth-day.



REV. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

His first sermon was preached a few months afterward, under the auspices of the "Lay Preachers' Association," at a village near Cambridge. For some months afterward he preached alternately at some one of the villages round Cambridge, and at length received a call as pastor to the village of Waterbeach. As the number of church members was only forty, his salary was nominal, and he was still obliged to continue his duties as usher of a school to support himself. He walked every day from Cambridge to Waterbeach, and back again; and under his ministrations the number of church members doubled, and people began to hear of the minister.

In 1853, his reputation as a preacher having spread, he received a call to go to London, and commenced to preach at the New Park Street Church. After a few Sabbath ministrations, the London congregation liked him so well that they invited him to become their regular preacher; and he accordingly removed to London in January, 1854.

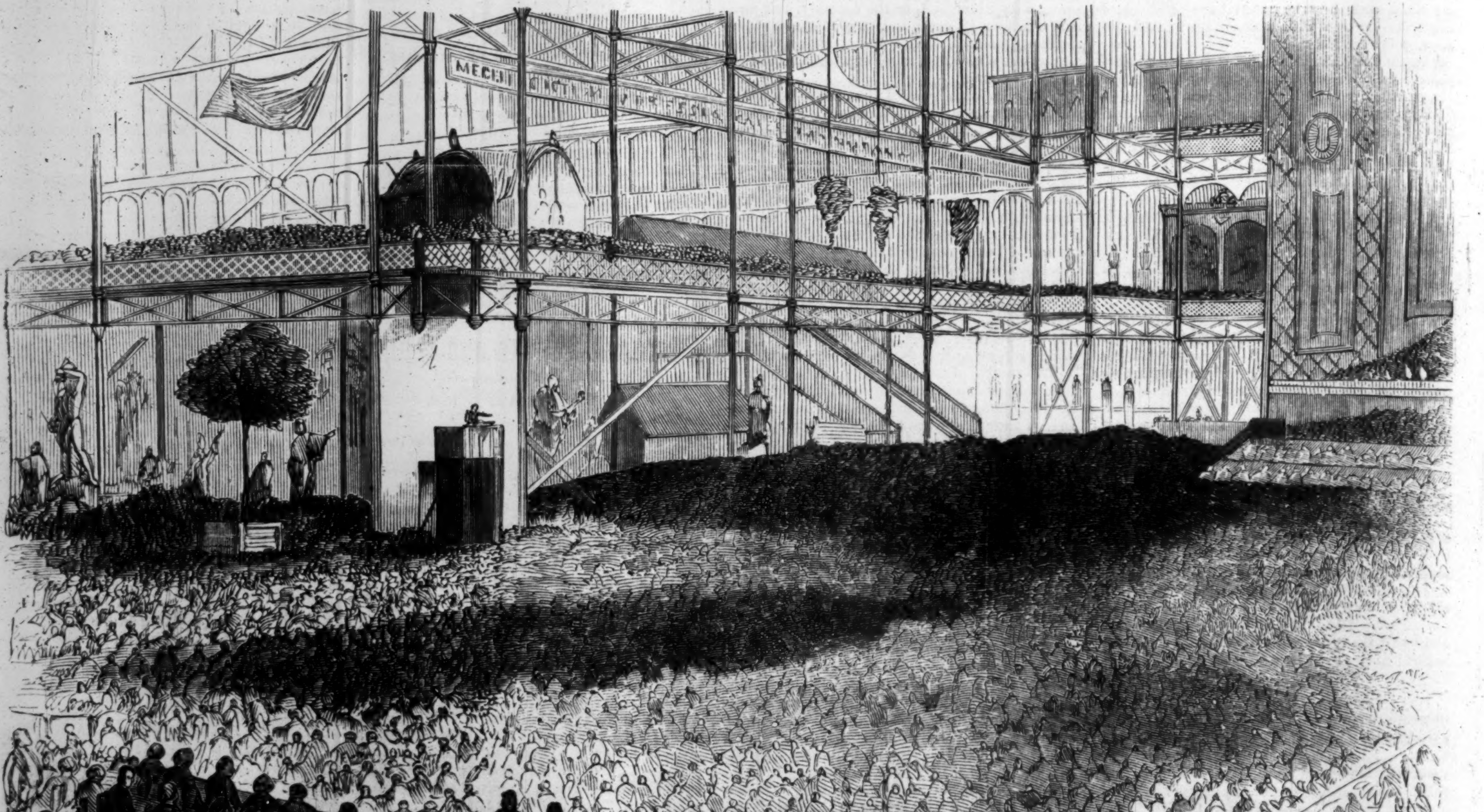
From this time Mr. Spurgeon's fame was established. The New Park Street Chapel being soon too small for the crowds who assembled to hear him, he preached in Exeter Hall, and filled the immense room in that building to overflowing. In 1855 he went to Scotland and created a *furore* there. At Aberfeldy the bellman was sent round to cry, "Your auld playmate and auld acquaintance, Shony Carstair (the parson of the parish), wants to see you all at the Independent Chapel, to hear my dear friend, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon." During the fall and winter of 1855 Mr. Spurgeon's fame was ever on the increase, and his popularity advanced steadily. His hearers were counted by the thousand, and his Sunday School scholars in equal proportion. Meanwhile, he was not neglectful of himself. In January, 1856, he married Miss Susannah Thomson, of London, in the presence of thousands of his friends.

His old chapel in New Park Street has long been inadequate to contain the crowds who have flocked to hear him. Some fifty to sixty thousand dollars have been raised to build a larger edifice on the same site; it is calculated that in that locality a steady audience of 5000 can be counted upon. Meanwhile Mr. Spurgeon preaches in any and every building or inclosure where he can be heard and can be of service. Many of his most effective discourses have been delivered in the fields; some in Exeter Hall, and some in the Surrey Musical Hall. His last great discourse was uttered, as we have said, in the Crystal Palace; a neat edition of the sermon and services on that interesting occasion is now in the press of Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co., of this city.

Of Mr. Spurgeon's style the most striking peculiarity is his earnestness and homeliness. He is never afraid of saying any thing, or of hurting any one's feelings. He tells the truth straight out, no matter whom it may offend; and he tells it in the plainest and most emphatic Saxon. He is at times humorous and sarcastic. Some time since, when preaching before 10,000 people in the Surrey Hall, he announced the second lesson, and then paused, observing, "If I make a short pause between the lessons, it will give an opportunity to those persons who have their hats on to take them off in the house of God."

On another occasion he was preaching on the contrast between the sufferings of the damned in hell and the delights of the blessed in heaven. When he came to that part of the discourse in which he draws a picture of the place of punishment, the orator's voice was raised to the highest pitch, his tone was sonorous and awful, his manner so vivid that many of his hearers actually quivered with horror. In the midst of one of his most terrible periods he suddenly paused, and, without the least change of manner or tone, observed: "If those persons near the door continue their conduct I shall send for a policeman." He then resumed his discourse on hell.

Mr. Spurgeon divides popular favor among church-goers in England with Mr. Punchon, the famous Wesleyan, whose brilliant lecture on Bunyan, at Exeter Hall, was so decided a success, and who reminds Americans so forcibly of the late Bishop Bascom.



REV. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON PREACHING TO THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ENGLAND.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XX.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Descending Lebanon.—The Plain of the Leontes.—Fulfillment of Prophecy.—The Curse of Syria.—Distant View of Baalbec.—Sudden Attack of Robbers.—A short Skirmish.—Miss Grandison's Courage.—We put them to flight.—Baalbec.

WE passed three days in coming from Beiteden to the great plain which divides Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon. This plain is watered by the Leontes, or, rather, the mountains on the two sides supply the streams of the Leontes, for they flow down the sides at every half mile in strong torrents, and the plain itself is thus made one of the most fruitful in the world.

The curses which were of old predicted of these countries can alone account for their present condition. With every facility for being wealthy, splendid fields of grain, a fine country for mulberries and the growth of silk, excellent vines producing abundance of grapes, sunny hill-sides, glorious valleys, delicious plains, all that could be thought necessary to a prosperous country is here. Why then is it a poor, desolate, half-barren land, but that the voice of God has declared it, and "Lebanon is fallen?"

The words of my friend Selim abundantly confirmed my idea when I awoke him at daybreak on the plain. We had pitched our tents almost within sight of Baalbec, the ruins of which we were now approaching. The sun was not yet up, but a cold, misty light lay on the hill-tops, indicating the near approach of that burst of daylight which we expect in the East.

Sir John was snoring grandly in his tent. There is something sublime in the snore of some men, and eminently so in the nasal intonations of our friend. He snored as if he had a right to do so, and no one could gainsay it. To be sure there might be a question about that when the distance between you and him is but ten feet, and the space interrupted only by canvas. But Sir John is not particular on these subjects.

"Selim!" I shouted, "wake up, man! are you sleeping with Azrael?"

"Bismillah—no, Howajji!" said the Bedouin, springing to his feet, full dressed and armed. He had lain all night on the damp ground, where his body had left the only dry spot visible, so heavy was the dew.

"Selim, why is this country so poor?"

"God wills it."

"Why don't the people do something in their fields? This is a splendid plain. It should raise enormous crops of grain. Why does it not?"

"It is the will of God."

"When will it be different?"

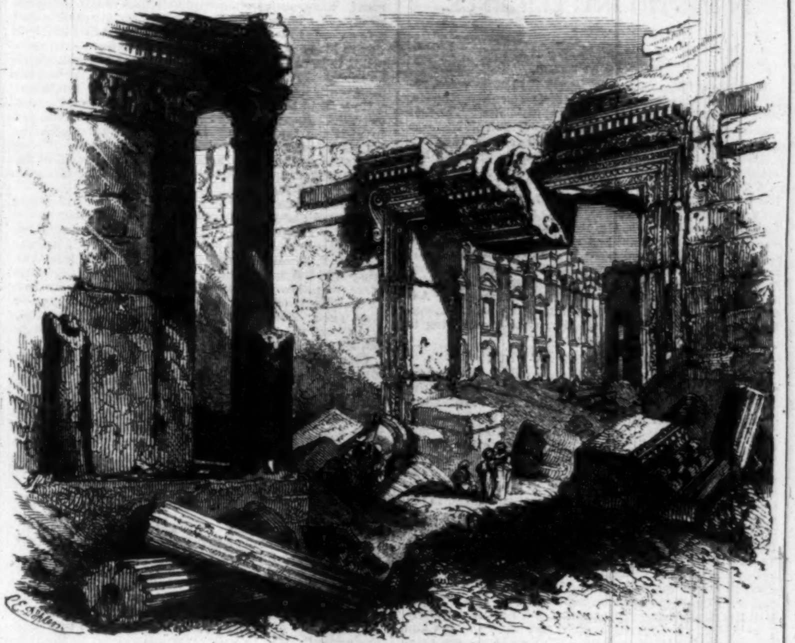
"When God will."

And so on; for no other explanation could I get out of him than this obvious reason, that to accomplish the prophecies of his inspired servants, God has seen fit to curse the land with a people for its inhabitants who will never redeem it from the desolation that to us strangers seems its fittest condition.

Sublime and sad the ruins of Baalbec towered over the plain as I approached them. The sun lay in smiling glory on the vast heaps of his own ancient temples. For miles before I reached the village I saw the splendor of that smile on the architrave of the great temple. Like all else in this Eastern world the curse seems to be on it, and it is desolate.

Miss Grandison rode by my side all the afternoon. Steenburger was in the rear with Sir John. A mile of plain lay between us most of the day. The Bedouins of my party were in the rear, the baggage half a mile before me. You see the order. First the baggage train, then half a mile behind Miss Grandison and myself with Selim, a mile behind us Sir John and Steenburger with our guard.

Imagine my astonishment when I saw about twenty men come like a storm across the plain from the Lebanon hills on the west and close around the baggage train. I did not dare leave Miss Grandison, nor did I like to sit still and see the robbery accomplished. The Arabs have an astonishingly quick way of disposing of a prize. They will finish up a robbery with a speed New York burglars might be proud of. I knew very well that in the five minutes Sir John would occupy in overtaking us the deed would be done, but three suspicious looking scoundrels, who were a little way off on my left, would not let the lady rest in peace if I should leave her alone.



DOORWAY OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT BAALBEC.

But she did not give me a chance to doubt long. Seeing the state of affairs she shouted and plied whip and spur so that in three minutes she, and Selim, and I, came like a small thunder-cloud on the rear of the group, which had by this time become confused in the hurry of plunder. As we approached, our men, who, like all muleteers, quietly submitted since their own property was not at stake, shouted in a general chorus, and then I rattled away with a revolver, over the heads of the enemy. It was all over in thirty seconds. I have said that they have a horror of Frank weapons. It is a very small boast to say that I alone, backed up by two other Franks at a distance, put twenty robbers to flight on the plain of the Leontes.

Had they been Bedouins I certainly should not have accomplished it thus. They were a roving nondescript band, such as abound on the northern part of Syria since the days of Ibrahim Pacha, who have horses and some arms, but little or no gunpowder and no money wherewith to buy it.

Miss Grandison and myself were alike astonished at our victory. It is an illustration of the character of the lower classes of people throughout the East. The Bedouins are noblemen; but the fellaheen are cowards to a man. This band of scoundrels fled like rabbits, scuttling hither and thither across the plain; they carried with them a blanket or two, and a bag of horse-feed; nothing else. It was a stupid attack altogether.

An hour after this we rode up to the great temple at Baalbec, sublime in the sunset light, and at twilight we stood under that splendid door-way, the keystone of which has almost but not quite fallen, whereat the worshipers of the Sun once entered his gorgeous temple.

AN EPIGRAM.

ON THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF THE PANIC.

"THERE are balms," they tell us, "for all our pain,"
And too true in our recent disasters,
For Trade has got on its legs again
Without the aid of shin-plasters!

UNDER THE ROSE.

SHE wears a rose in her hair,
At the twilight's dreamy close:
Her face is fair, *how* fair
Under the rose!

I steal like a shadow there,
As she sits in rapt repose,
And whisper my loving prayer
Under the rose!

She takes the rose from her hair,
And her color comes and goes,
And I—a lover will dare
Under the rose!

THE DYING LOVER.

THE grass that is under me now
Will soon be over me, sweet!
When you walk this way again
I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again,
And shed your tears like dew:
They will be no more to me
Than mine are now to you!

LITERARY.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE REV. T. H. GALLAUDET, LL.D., *by Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

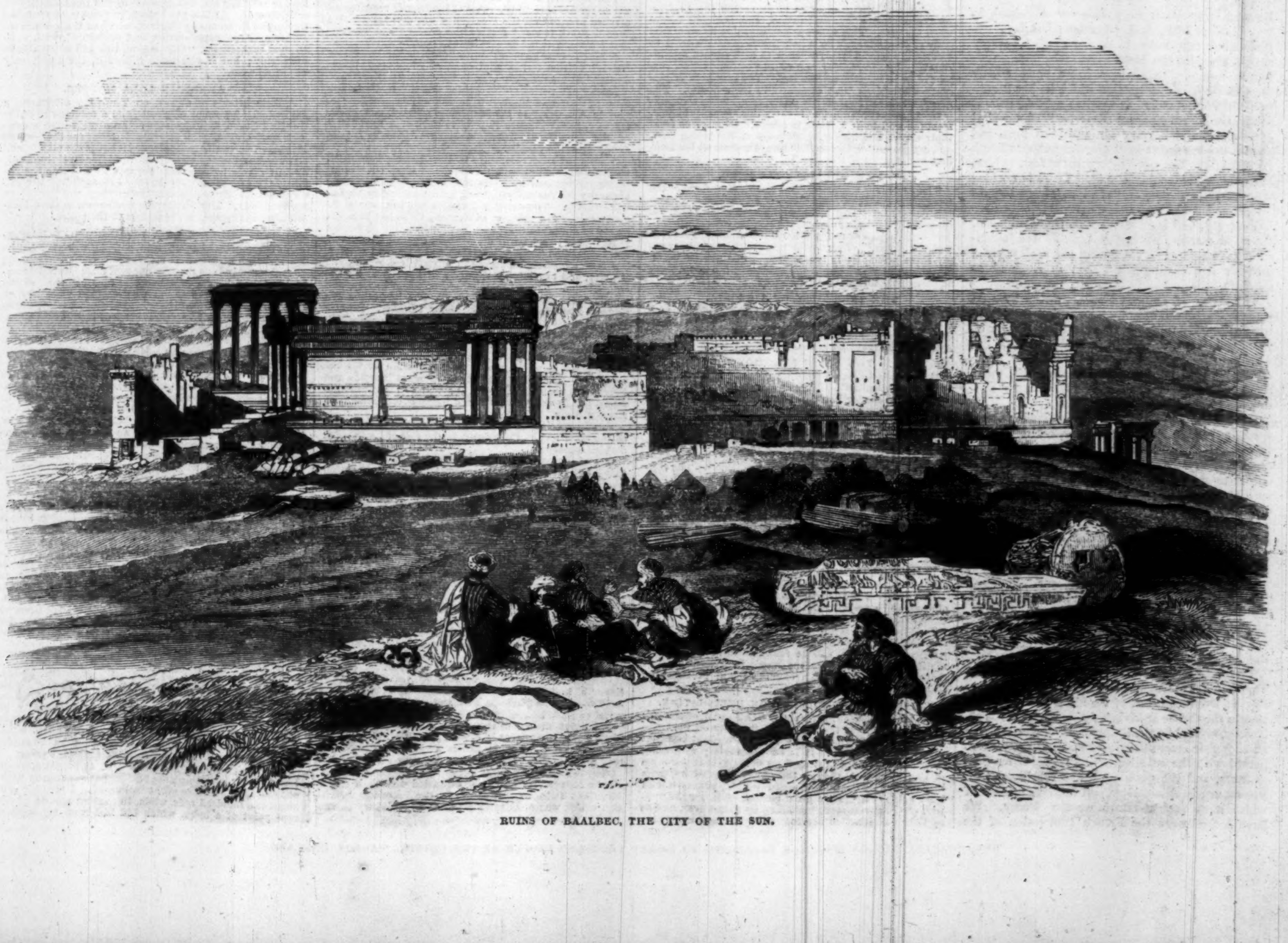
The memoir of a great and good man can not be wholly devoid of interest however carelessly or unskillfully it is prepared. But when the man is such a person as Mr. Gallaudet, and the editor a personal friend and an experienced man, learned, accomplished, and judicious, the result must always be, as it is in this instance, a book of uncommon interest, for the moment, to the reader, and of permanent value as a contribution to the historical publications of the day.

There is a charm hanging around the name of Mr. Gallaudet which attracts instant attention. As the American founder of that system of education which has opened a new world to a large class of our personal friends, oftentimes our own children, as the man who has literally given ears to the deaf and a voice to the dumb, his name is a household word in America, and has a permanent place in the roll of Benefactors of Mankind.

The life of Mr. Gallaudet was one of steadfast purpose. He devoted it absolutely to one object, and it illustrates with the greatest force how much may be accomplished by one persevering mind. The subject of instructing the deaf and dumb early attracted his attention, but he had not intended to devote his special regard to that until his course was so determined by events that left it manifest that such was his duty. He then gave his whole soul to the business. Its results are already known to the world. The incidents which are connected with the progress of his work form the most interesting portion of Dr. Humphrey's volume.

The correspondence which he carried on with persons in all parts of the world forms also a valuable part of the work.

We find some very interesting letters from Zachary Macaulay, who was his personal and devoted



RUINS OF BAALBEC, THE CITY OF THE SUN.

friend. One of these letters contains this passage: "I thank you for your kind inquiries respecting my son. He is now in good health, and prosecuting his studies with ardor at the University of Cambridge. God has been pleased to endow him with very considerable powers of mind, and with a very strong desire for knowledge. My prayer, and, indeed, I am thankful to say, my hope is, that these may be sanctified, and made subservient to His glory." This hopeful son of Zachary Macaulay is now Lord Macaulay, whose fame reflects lustre on his good father.

And in this connection it is worthy of remark that the deaf mutes in America, and all who are interested in deaf mute instruction, are not aware how much they owe to this same Mr. Macaulay. It was through him that Mr. Gallaudet was introduced to the Abbé Sicard, then the head of deaf mute instructors in France, and this introduction may be esteemed the first step toward the importation of that instruction to American shores. He became the instructor of Gallaudet, who in three months mastered difficulties which it was supposed would require years to overcome.

Our space will not permit quotation from the volume, which will command the attention of readers even in these days. Deaf mutes, from Maine to Georgia, will desire to possess this memoir of their benefactor, and all who are interested in the life and labors of a great Christian Philanthropist, whose name ranks with such as Howard and Clarkson, will esteem Dr. Humphrey's work as one of the most interesting personal memoirs that the press of this country has produced.

LIFE STUDIES; or, How to Live: Illustrated in the biographies of Bunyan, etc., *by the Rev. John Baillie.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

Selecting the great tinker as the good soldier, Tersteegen as the Christian laborer, Montgomery as the Christian man of letters, Perthes as the man of business, and Mrs. Winslow as the mother, our author has made a book in which men may find noble examples of life and death. Mr. Baillie has written some popular works, and, as a graceful and suggestive author, has great merit. His books, once opened, are quite certain to be read, and this book is a capital work for just such times as the present, when men find strength and refreshment in contemplating the characters of their noble predecessors who have triumphed over the ills of the world.

ADOLPHE MONOD'S FAREWELL to his Friends and to the Church. Translated from the French. New York: Carter & Brothers.

This is a book whose history is very peculiar, and will make it valuable. The distinguished French pastor, Monod, when he felt his end approaching, determined to have the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered at his bedside weekly so long as he lived. Every week, therefore, there was a gathering of Christians around him, and the eloquent man, in great suffering of body, but with clear and brilliant intellect, discoursed to them of the experiences of his past life, and the anticipations of that life he was about to enter.

These discourses, taken down from his lips by loving children, form a small volume of great beauty, force, and value, which, in its English dress, will command a wide circulation, as well for its merit as for the memory of the great and good man whose last counsels it contains.

NEARER AND DEARER, a Tale out of School, *by Cuthbert Bede, B.A.* London: Bentley.

It does not take much to amuse English literary circles, provided the amusement come from an orthodox source. This author has a name chiefly through *Notes and Queries*, to which he has been a frequent contributor. He writes a book, calls it funny, the literary papers advertise it as a capital *jeu d'esprit*, and literary Mr. and Miss Bull, and all the Bulls, receive it as genuine wit, and laugh accordingly. The story is, in point of fact, vulgar, low, and unpardonably stupid. There is nothing in it to authorize the ghost of a laugh in reading it.

Rugby School is again vacant, Dr. Goulbourn, the head master, having resigned. Ten candidates have applied for the vacant place, all of them more or less distinguished men in England as scholars.

The statue of Thomas Moore, erected by subscription, has been duly inaugurated at Dublin, in front of Trinity College. Statues are the order of the day in Europe. A statue of Madame de Sevigné has just been inaugurated at Grignan. One of Handel is in process for Halle; one of Luther for Worms; one of Correggio for Parma, and sundry others are talked of.

Among the announcements in England is a new work by Martin Farquhar Tupper, entitled "The Rides and Reveries of Mr. Æsop Smith." Cardinal Wiseman is about to publish "Personal Recollections of the last four Popes," a book which has been promised a long while. Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax," will publish "A Woman's Thoughts about Women." This volume has no reference to the incidents which are fresh in the minds of New Yorkers, connected with the authorship of "John Halifax." It is quite a local book, and possesses no interest to Americans.

Lord Macaulay is expected to have the offer of the High Stewardship of the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of Earl Fitzwilliam.

Dr. Livingstone is lecturing to crowded houses in various parts of England.

The dullest book of the year is a royal issue. The Emperor of Russia has authorized the publication, in five languages, of the history of the accession to the throne of his late father Nicholas. This history, revised by the Emperor, is supposed to give an authentic account of the remarkable events connected with the substitution of Nicholas for Constantine, and the quelling of the rebellion at St. Petersburg in that sudden and decisive manner of which most readers remember the history. We have looked over the French translation of the book, and find it insufferably stupid and uninteresting, even to one who has any special desire to know more about those events which form part of a royal history that was little to the world out of Russia while Nicholas lived, and is less now that he is gone.

At the Manchester Art Exhibition, on the last of the shilling days of admission, the number of visitors was 28,984.

Ludwig Richter, at Dresden, has just completed twelve wood-cuts illustrating Schiller's "Song of the Bell." His reputation is great, and much is anticipated from this effort.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

GOVERNOR WALKER has rejected 1200 more votes, returned from the three precincts of M'Gee County, Kansas, which county only contains some 100 residents. The fact was made known by a proclamation. This will increase Parrott's majority to say 4500 @ 5000 votes. The Constitutional Convention has organized at Lecompton, but nothing of moment has yet been done.

A telegraph from the President to Hon. Daniel Sickles has been published, stating that the former has no intention of removing Governor Walker for rejecting the fraudulent votes cast in Oxford County; but it is understood that the President has written a private letter to Governor Walker, censuring him for transcending his instructions. The Southern politicians seem disinclined to be satisfied with this, and measures are already being taken for the organization of an opposition to the Administration, consisting of Southern Democrats. Meanwhile Governor Walker is on his way to Washington to justify himself there.

PROSPECT OF WAR IN UTAH.

Dispatches received from Utah confirm the rumors that preparations for resistance are being made by the Mormons. No apprehension is felt in Washington. Meanwhile, a letter from Brigham Young to the Indian Department, begging that the arrears of his salary may be paid him, has been published. Among other things he says, if he is to have the direction of Indian affairs, and expected to maintain friendly relations with the Indians, he would suggest to travelers to omit the infamous practice of shooting them when they happen to see one. Hence it is natural for them to wreak vengeance. The government should make more liberal presents. He has proven that it is far cheaper to feed and clothe the Indians than to fight them. When the fight is over it is always followed by extensive presents, which, if properly distributed in the first instance, might have averted a fight. The troops must be kept away, for it is a prevalent fact that wherever the most of these are, we may expect to find the greatest amount of hostile Indians and the least security of persons. If these items are complied with, he has no hesitation in saying that, so far as Utah is concerned, no Indian would molest the property or persons of travelers.

THE TRANSIT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

Simultaneously with the announcement that Costa Rica has taken possession of the San Juan River, and assumes to control the Nicaragua transit route, a letter appears in the papers from General William Walker, announcing that he has raised 2500 men. He says that "so far as any violation on his part of Acts of Congress is concerned, he denies the charge with scorn and indignation, and will not so far forget his duty as an officer of Nicaragua as to violate the laws of the United States while enjoying hospitality within its limits. As the military organization is abandoned, about 2500 men, from various Southern States, have enrolled as emigrants to Nicaragua."

Apropos of Central American affairs, the following extract from a dispatch from Commander Hoff, now stationed at Panama, may illustrate the tendencies of the Spanish-American mind in that region. He says:

"Every thing on the Isthmus at present remains quiet. A few days since, however, considerable excitement existed, but entirely of a local as well as of an amusing character, arising from a bill of divorcement having been introduced into the Legislature while in session here. Its features were of an abominable character, destroying the marriage-tie at the mere instance of one or the other individual going before a magistrate. It passed into a law, and they then adjourned *sine die*. The Governor, however, had the good sense to reconvene the Legislature, directing a reconsideration, and bringing before them his veto. This veto was accompanied by an armed body of young men, who, when the Legislature tried to enforce it a second time, began with loud shouts, and ultimately, by threatening one or two of the parties, succeeded in having the motion lost. The members of this grave assemblage then dispersed to their homes. The object seemed to be perfectly understood. Some six members had influence sufficient to carry this obnoxious affair, from the well-known desire to separate themselves from their wives; and hence the intrusion of the young men, and my presenting to you the state of morals on the Isthmus and district of Panama."

NEW TREATY WITH PERU.

The President has proclaimed the binding force of the treaty between the United States and Peru, concluded on the basis that "free ships make free goods, and the property of neutrals on board enemies' vessels is not subject to detention or confiscation unless the same be contraband of war." The contracting parties engage to apply these principles to the commerce and navigation of all such Powers and States as shall consent to adopt them as permanent and immutable.

THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONIA.

Lieutenant Mowry, delegate from the Gadsden purchase, has been in Washington, and expects the President to recommend in his message that the Territory of Arizonia be organized without further delay.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

Since our last several State Elections have taken place. With the exception of Baltimore, where there was some rioting and one or two cases of manslaughter, the day passed off quietly every where.

In New York, it is calculated that the Democrats have carried the State by over 13,000 majority. The new Senate will stand 14 Democrats to 15 Republicans, 2 Know Nothings, and 1 Independent; the Assembly, 62 Democrats to 59 Republicans, and 7 Know Nothings. The control of the Canal Board is secured to the Democrats.

In New Jersey the Democrats have been still more successful. The Senate stands 15 Democrats to 6 Opposition; the House 38 Democrats to 22 Opposition.

In Massachusetts the Republicans have carried the day. Mr. Banks has been elected Governor by a plurality of something like 20,000. The vote, as in the other States, showed a falling off from last year.

In Maryland there is a small Democratic gain, but not enough to balance the Know Nothing preponderance.

In Louisiana the Democrats have elected their State officers, and a majority of the State Legislature, and the Congressional delegation.

In Wisconsin it is not certain which party has won the day, but it is generally presumed that Randall, the Republican candidate, will be found to have a majority. Similar doubt overhangs the result in Minnesota; but there, too, the Republican candidate will probably be found to have been elected.

CALIFORNIAN SENTIMENT ON REPUDIATION.

We take the following from the *San Francisco Herald*:

"Below we have the returns of the vote on the State debt in thirty-five counties. There are eight counties yet to be heard from. It is an exceedingly gratifying exhibit. It is a declaration from the people of the State of California that, though the officers elected by them had unlawfully contracted a heavy debt, yet, as it had been used, or at least a great portion of it, for the support of the government instituted by themselves, and as by their own inaction heretofore they, in fact, tacitly acquiesced in its accumulation, the stain of repudiation shall never attach to the State of their adoption. It is a remarkable fact, that from the day on which the decision was delivered by the Supreme Court declaring the State debt illegal, every newspaper in the State, with very few exceptions, opposed repudiation. In relation to the Constitutional Convention little need be said. It has been defeated. The total vote on the question so far is 25,337, of which 18,400 were cast for the convention and 6937 against it. Under the present constitution a majority of all the votes cast at any election is necessary to authorize the calling of a Constitutional Convention. The total vote of the State will be about 90,000, and to carry the measure, therefore, over 45,000 votes should be cast for it.

PERSONAL.

A Washington correspondent of the Richmond *South* says: Mr. Buchanan still continues to have hosts of lady visitors, and scarcely a pretty woman comes to Washington but she must see the bachelor President. His manners toward his fair visitors show that he is no "lady's man;" his graceful commonplace seems to fail him with them, and I have seen him evidently sorely taxed to find a few words to say to the fair dames who will find their way to his reception-room. He is said to have been compelled to have recourse to two stereotyped phrases, which he invariably addresses by turn to the ladies, as he runs the gauntlet of them at reception hours. They are these: "Madam, is this your first visit to Washington?" Answer. A pause; and then: "Madam, I would advise you to visit the Smithsonian Institute." After which the lady is expected to vamose.

E. C. Angelroat has been recognized as Consul of the Grand Dukedom of Mecklenburg-Schwerin for the States of Iowa and Illinois.

Senator Sumner, in a letter, says: "I shall return to the United States during the month of November."

Among the passengers by the *Arago* were Auguste Belmont and family, late *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Hague; Charles F. Loosey and family, Consul-General from Austria; Mrs. Colonel Frémont, child, and servant; Lorenzo Starr, Esq., bearer of dispatches from London; the Rev. C. Mainhaut, of New Orleans; Rev. Dr. Cummings, of New York; Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia; and Captain Charles E. Coffin and the first officer of the American ship *Richard Anderson*, foundered at sea.

Charles C. Converse, Esq., the well-known American musician and composer, lately returned from Europe, bringing with him a diploma, and flattering testimonials from the principal musical professors of the Leipsic Conservatorium. Before leaving Germany he was honored with a public performance of his most elaborate work, set to the words of the 126th Psalm, and the Leipsic professors speak highly of it. This Psalm is dedicated to the members of the New York Harmonic Society, by whom, no doubt, it will soon be in rehearsal for a public performance.

Sir Edmund and Lady Head reached Montreal on 3d inst. The Commander of the Forces and Staff, and the Mayor and Members of the City Council were in attendance to receive them, and Colonel Moffat, commanding the District, and Staff, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dyde, commanding the Montreal Volunteers, with the officers commanding the several city corps under his command, were also in attendance to welcome his Excellency. A large number of citizens were also assembled to witness the arrival. His Excellency was conveyed by his Worship the Mayor in his carriage to the City Hall, where an address was presented to him. Lady Head taking her seat in General Eyre's carriage after the presentation of the address, the vice-regal party proceeded to the General's, whose guests Sir Edmund and Lady Head will be until they leave for Toronto.

Colonel Frémont, General James, of Wisconsin, and Senator Broderick, of California, were among the passengers by the *Quaker City*, which arrived last week.

The London *Times* of October 17 says: We have been favored with the following letter, addressed to Mr. T. M. Mackay. It shows the stuff Mr. Layard is made of:

"120 PICCADILLY, *Oct.* 17, 1857.

"MY DEAR MACKAY—I am off for India next week. My object—to visit the seat of the rebellion, to form my own views upon its cause and results. I have been too long idle, and want again work, and try to be useful. I trust that my journey may enable me to do some good. I wish I had some pleasant, intelligent man, like yourself, as a companion. I hope to be back by the end of May or early in June. Six months' hard work will enable me to see and do much. If any constituency will do me the honor of returning me during my absence, I shall be happy to serve them. Yours, sincerely,

"A. W. LAYARD."

Governor Bissell, of Illinois, is at present in a very precarious condition, and suffering severely from the disease under which he has been laboring for years.

The Rev. Dr. C——, of New York, is as noted for his wit as for his eloquence. One of his friends recently remarked to him that the "currency was deranged." "I should think it was," replied the doctor, "for we hear that *ten mills* do not now make *one cent*."

A new drama, termed "Nena Sahib, or the Demon of India," written by "a gentleman of Pittsburg," is underlined at Foster's Theatre, in the "Smoky City."

Among the marriages in fashionable life in Paris, are those of a niece of M. de Tocqueville, author of "Democracy in America," to the Marquis de Tuisy, and of M. Ollivier, lately elected Deputy to the Corps Legislatiff on the Republican ticket, to Mademoiselle de Listz, daughter of the pianist.

Among the advices brought by the *Granada* from Cuba we find the intelligence of the death of Miguel T. Tolon, whose sudden and untimely fate is deeply mourned by his many friends and admirers, both here and in his native country. The cause of freedom has lost one of its most zealous and constant advocates; Cuba has been deprived of a most faithful and uncompromising champion of its liberty; and the literary world mourns the loss of a distinguished poet and a learned and proficient scholar.

A few members of Congress are already looking in upon the city, and providing themselves with quarters for the long session. Several members have taken houses, and among them Mr. Horace F. Clark, who has taken the elegant mansion of the late Major Lindsay. Senator Wright, of New Jersey, has taken the large house which was known and celebrated last spring as the New York Ranche. Senator Gwin has the house previously occupied by Governor Aiken. Many others have already taken or are about to select houses for the session or for the Congress. The new mansions of Senators Douglas and Bright are nearly completed, and will be large, commodious, and in every way adapted to the entertainment of many visitors.

Mrs. Biscaccianti, the American *prima donna*, has opened the season at St. Petersburg, in the *rôle* of Lucia, with decided success.

One of the partners in a prominent Philadelphia firm that lately suspended kept two carriages, five light riding wagons, four fast horses, two dogs, two coachmen, and five servant girls.

Bayard Taylor's wedding-day was appointed for Tuesday of last week, at Gotha, Germany.

Mr. S. J. Sidney, a London comedian, proposes, in a journal of that city, to present a testimonial to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, for his "liberal, just, and excellent defense of the dramatic profession."

A Russian journal announces the number of medical men killed in her service in the late war at 382. Of these ten were Americans.

The report of Sir W. Gore Ousely's appointment by the British Government, as Minister to Central America, is confirmed by the *National Intelligencer*.

We are happy to learn that General George P. Morris, the Béranger of America, has returned from his Southern excursion with health perfectly restored.

Governor Shannon was, on 26th ult., at St. Louis, relieved of a $190 watch, and pocket-book, with contents —$80—of which $60 were bills, and the rest specie. The relief came to him on board the steamer *Ocean Spray*.

Mr. Seymour, one of the cleverest writers of the New York press, has a farce in rehearsal at Wallack's.

Gerrit Smith, of whose illness we spoke last week, is now much better. His complete recovery within a short period is no longer doubtful.

The teetotalers seem to be disgusted with their chief, Mr. E. C. Delavan, as appears by the following resolution which was unanimously passed at Salisbury Centre on 4th inst.

"*Resolved*, That the temperance men of Herkimer County have no confidence in Edward C. Delavan, Esq., as President of the New York State Temperance Society; and we request that the delegates who attend the annual meeting of the Society at Albany, on Thursday, 12th inst., to vote against Mr. Delavan, or any one known to be under his influence, to any office in the Society."

The Boston *Advertiser* says: "At six o'clock last evening, while the returns of the State election were fast coming in, indicating the success of Mr. Banks by a large plurality, workmen were busily engaged in elevating a sign over the rooms No. 46 State Street, which bore the inscription, 'Gardner, Walcott and Co., Bankers.'" This is one of the signs of the times. The senior member of the firm is His Excellency Henry J. Gardner, who, freed from the cares and responsibilities of State affairs, will shortly be able to engage in the avocations of private life.

General Boone died at his residence at Tishomingo County, Mississippi, on the 17th ult. He was a regular descendant of the distinguished General Daniel Boone, and was said to resemble him not only in personal appearance but also in his qualities of head and heart. He had filled various places of honor and trust in Mississippi.

Hon. Charles Polk, ex-Governor of Delaware State, died at his residence at Milford Hundred, on the 28th ult., in the seventieth year of his age.

Legal proceedings were commenced in Philadelphia on Saturday to attach the property of Mr. Thomas Allibone, late President of the Bank of Pennsylvania, who recently went abroad under the plea of ill health. The suit is brought by the President and Directors of the bank, who depose that the defendant is indebted to the institution upward of two hundred thousand dollars. The affidavit also states that Mr. Allibone has absconded to foreign parts with a design to defraud his creditors.

The Rev. Mr. Lord, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Harlem, was attacked on Wednesday evening in Second Avenue, near 119th Street, by a desperate ruffian, who suddenly sprung upon him and struck him a violent blow, which was quickly followed by another, in the face. The reverend gentleman is stalwart, well-proportioned, and athletic; and the highwayman, finding that the blows he gave failed to bring his intended victim to the ground, and thinking, no doubt, that he was likely to catch a Tartar, took to his heels. But Mr. Lord, not having been rendered *hors du combat*, put after him, and after a chase around two or three blocks, run him into a grocery store, where he secured the fellow, and handed him over to the police. He was safely locked up in the station-house, and will undergo an examination. This is not the first introduction Mr. Lord has had to a garroter. Some time since one of the fraternity of highwaymen attacked him in Brooklyn, and struck him two blows before he was able to act on the defensive, but he soon recovered himself, and with his powerful arm sent the rascal reeling in the gutter, where he left him lying, and proceeded on his way.

WASHINGTON IN A TIGHT PLACE.

When Colonel Lee, of New York, was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union Park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription-paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucre declined respectfully.

"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and $500 is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people." "Benefit to you!" replied the Colonel; "why, Sir, it will benefit you more than any body else. The statue can be seen from every window of your house; it will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!" "Ah! Colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart. "Then let me tell you," replied Colonel Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in an uncommon tight place."

REMITTING IN RUM.

A Providence man, having occasion to receive a small sum from a correspondent in another city, gave the following very improper direction: "As all property is unsafe, and the exchanges are so shockingly deranged, you may remit the balance in rum."

PAYABLE AT SATAN'S DOMICIL.

A ten-dollar bill on one of the recently-suspended Tennessee banks, "payable in hell," was offered to several brokers, but refused at any price, although other bills on the same bank were being taken at a small discount. The proper filling in had probably been accidentally omitted at the time of issue, and the blank supplied as indicated above by some wag. The refusal of the brokers to take the bill was because of the impossibility of collecting it. At last the holder, in despair, approached a group of three money-shavers, who had their heads together over some speculation, and exclaimed, with well-feigned earnestness, "Gentlemen, this bill is payable in hell, truly; but if you can't collect it, the Devil only knows who can!"

AN AMERICAN LOLA MONTEZ.

A little after one o'clock on Thursday afternoon, a gayly-dressed woman alighted from a carriage near the Bowling Green, and commenced an assault with a cowhide upon a gentleman on the sidewalk near the Stevens House. The victim got quite confused at the attack, and scarcely knew which way to run, but after receiving three or four severe blows across the face he fled into the Atlantic Garden. The lady having accomplished her victory immediately returned to the carriage and was driven up Broadway. Her victim was not known to show himself after his escape, nor complain to the police.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED EAGLE.

An eagle, weighing eighteen pounds, was shot on the Halderbergh on Monday, by William Shaffer. Speaking of eagles reminds us that the one sent from Central America to David Terry, of Albany, is now attached to the Penitentiary, Mr. Terry having presented "the bird of freedom" to Captain Pilsbury. He occupies a large coop in the rear of the prison, and is allowed to fly about whenever it suits his convenience. He visits about, but always returns at nightfall. He is death on rats, and catches six or eight every day. He never misses fire. He makes one dive, and that is the last of mister rat. Having caught the rat, he skins him with as much ease and neatness as if he used a knife. Having dressed quadruped, he separates him into quarters, and makes just four quarters of him. Having finished rat, "he uses tail to pick his teeth with." So says "Captain Lew;" but we think this part of the story is an exaggeration. The Pilsbury Eagle was caught on the battle-field of Rivas—the battle-field of where Colonel M'Cardle lost his arm. He was forwarded to Albany by the American Express Company, and arrived there last spring.

A BOY SHOT BY HIS FATHER.

A shocking tragedy occurred in Rangely, Franklin Co., Maine, a few days since. A boy was shot by his own father, whose name is Henry Wilbur, and who has at times been subject to insanity. The boy, a lad of eleven years, was lying sick with fever, and so low as to be unable to help himself. Coming into the room, the father deliberately took down his gun from the wall where it hung, and before his intentions became known to those present, fired with unflinching aim at his son on the bed. The shot took effect in a vital part, and the lad lingered but a few hours, and died. There is no doubt that the unhappy father was suffering from mental aberration at the time.

TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

Robert I. C. Church, of West Mills, Industry, Maine, publishes the following in the Maine *Farmer*: "While returning from the upper part of Moosehead Lake, where I had been log-driving, and when in the vicinity of Mount Kineo, which lies on the western shore of the lake, I heard a cracking noise in the bushes before me. It was some moments before I ascertained that the noise was caused by a large moose which was browsing. I silently threw up my piece and fired at his nose, which I could just see through the bushes, but apparently without effect, as he made off at full speed. I pursued him about one hundred rods, when, in passing around an abrupt point of a ledge which hid him from my sight, I suddenly found myself confronted by a large bear, which instantly sprang upon me with his mouth wide open. I had not a moment for reflection; I had not time to use my piece had it been loaded. As he came toward me, I dropped my rifle and thrust my fist into his mouth, grappling with all the energy of despair the roots of his tongue. In this manner we rolled and tumbled for some moments, he striving to get clear of me, and I holding on for dear life. At last he drew up his hind legs, and with tremendous force kicked me twenty feet from him, rending my pantaloons into shreds. He did not renew the attack, but made off, and I had no disposition to follow him. I have followed hunting in the winter season for the last ten years, and am accustomed to all dangers incident to the business, but do not again covet a close hug with a bear. I was not materially injured, except my hand and arm, which were considerably lacerated."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE AT WORK AGAIN.

A BRITISH paper mentions that the *Great Britain* steamship was recently chartered by government to take two cavalry regiments out to India. The men, however, were not directed to get themselves ready to start until *after* the contract was made. Of course, a great delay took place, the vessel all the while being a heavy daily expense to the nation. The day of starting was fixed for the 2d ult.; but then it was found that the soldiers (who, on such occasions, are obliged to take out new equipments with them) had not a single saddle! This entailed a further delay of six days, at an expense of £300 a day.

OVER-BUILDING IN SCOTLAND.

Respecting some of the causes of the Glasgow failures, a Scotch paper says of one of the firms: "The cost of their palatial place of business is said to have been £60,000. The building is mortgaged, and therefore the price was not taken out of the capital in trade; but the interest must form an annual charge of £3000. Thus we see how failures may occur, or how they might have been prevented. They were not content with such houses as those that were occupied by their fathers, or such warehouses as those in which their fathers sold goods; but they needed both in a style adapted to the fashions and wants of the age."

HOW TO GET A PAIR OF BOOTS.

Several firms in the boot and shoe trade in town have lost considerably by the tricks of a personage who has made his appearance in Belfast. His manœuvre is conducted in this style: He has a boy in his employment with whom he keeps watch on some of the leading shops, and when a pair of boots or shoes are sent home to a customer the person who has them in his possession is followed to his destination. The boots are left in the house of the customer, the maker's messenger returns to his shop, and then the emissary of this personage advances to the customer's door and states, 'Oh, there has been a mistake; Mr. —— (the maker) has sent me for the boots just left here. They are not for you, but yours will be home in an hour.' The trick is successful, the boots are carried off, and either pawned or resold. In this clever way the name of one house has been mentioned who have lost about twenty pairs of boots. The detective force are in possession of ample information on the subject, and they have commenced operations for the capture of the parties."

A MOCK SOVEREIGN.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, possessing an independent fortune of £100,000 a year, a Peeress in her own right, and beneficiary of a great many other very good and very pleasant things, seems inclined to look upon her estates as principalities, and her colliers and peasants as subjects. At Garron Tower she arrived "punctual as the Queen," in a Cleopatra's barge species of chariot, in which reclined Lady Antrim, the Marchioness driving. Lady Londonderry was attired in a cloth of gold mantle, embroidered like an altar-cloth; Lady Antrim, the youngest dowager in the Peerage, in a piquant Parisian costume, even more startling and delightful. On a "raised dais" addresses from the tenantry were received, and a written answer was read "with a perfection of elocution which reminded one of Queen Victoria when opening Parliament." Truly a "strong-minded woman!" The poor Duke of Buckingham, whose head got a little weakened by the belief that a homeopathic globule of the Plantagenet blood runs up and down somewhere in his "system," wore his coronet, put on his state robes, and sat upon a sort of throne, on a similar occasion at Stowe.

FRANCE.

THE IMPERIAL HUNT.

Preparatory to the grand hunt in the forest of Compiègne, the Carrefour du Puits-du-Roi, where the meet took place, was surrounded at noon by a considerable crowd of persons. The grand huntsmen were in full costume, and a number of officers in uniform were also present. At one o'clock the Emperor and Empress, in hunting costume, arrived in a *char-à-bancs* accompanied by some of the guests at the palace. The Emperor alighted, and entered into conversation with some officers of the foot chasseurs who had come from the camp of Chalons. The weather, which had been rather showery in the morning, cleared up and became very favorable for the sport. Their Majesties mounted their horses, and in a very short time a stag was found, which was run into in less than half an hour, the pace having been a very furious one. A pack of magnificent English staghounds were used on the occasion. In the evening the *curée* took place as usual by torchlight in the grand court-yard of the palace.

THE NEW LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

The Legislative Body will, it is announced, be convoked for the end of November, conformably (as some say, although the point of law is disputed) to Article 46 of the Constitution, which renders its meeting obligatory within six months after the dissolution. The Mint is busily occupied in striking the medals for the new Deputies. They are of silver, and of a large size, bearing on one side the effigy of the Emperor, and on the other the name of the Deputy, surrounded by a wreath of oak. These medals serve as a passport for the bearers, giving them admission to the ministries, public establishments, and official ceremonies. They also secure the inviolability of the person and the privilege of being exempt from judicial proceedings without the authorization of the Legislative Body. A new medal is struck for each Legislature, and thus they together form a numismatic collection.

BANK ALARM.

A Paris correspondent says: "M. de Germiny, the governor of the bank, has gone to Compiègne to see the Emperor; and I have reason to believe that he is prepared to ask for a decree giving forced currency to bank-notes. I doubt much, however, whether the Emperor will yet go to that extremity. It is true that such a measure, the last time that the bank had recourse to it (in 1848), was well received, and certainly did good instead of harm. But I apprehend that the character of the bank for prudent management, independence, and freedom, from the leaven of speculation, stood higher then than it does now. The rise of discount in London produced its effect by anticipation on the Bourse yesterday; and as it was also pretty well taken for granted that the Bank of France would follow the example, the confirmation of the expected news did not occasion any very considerable depression. There was, however, a further fall. The bullion in the Bank of France (this I learn from a source which I consider certain) has diminished by 35,000,000 of francs in the short period since the last monthly returns were published. A very disastrous and unusual occurrence is reported from Angers. A receiver-general of taxes has suspended payment. The deficit is reported to be 10,000,000 of francs. The person in question was a man of large fortune, but has been unfortunate in speculations at the Bourse and in the corn market. A letter from Zurich states that thirty commercial houses, engaged principally in the silk and ribbon business, have failed there."

A TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The *Siècle* gives some information with respect to a project for connecting England and France by a submarine tunnel. M. A. Thomé de Gamond has submitted a project to the Emperor, and it is said, though we can not say with how much authority, that the English Government have named a commission, and it is probable that in the coming spring French and English engineers will apply themselves to the work of examining the practicability of the project. Since the beginning of this century the attention of many engineers and politicians has been drawn to the possibility of uniting the two countries by a tunnel. The tunnel will commence on the French coast at Marquise, a small town of the Pas-de-Calais, from which it will branch on one side to the Boulogne Railway, and on the other to the Calais line. The tunnel will extend from Marquise 8800 metres toward Cape Grinez, at which point it will enter the Straits and strike the English coast at Eastware, between Dover and Folkestone. A branch of 5500 metres will connect the tunnel with Dover and all the net-work of the English railways. The bottom of the sea at one point of the Straits, at an equal distance from each coast, has an elevation which, at low water, is covered only by twelve metres of water. This rock, which the charts describe under the name of Varne, will be raised, and will form the marine station of the tunnel. A harbor will be there constructed. Docks, light-houses, etc., will make of the Varne station a meeting point for all the shipping of the globe. It will be necessary, for the sake of rapidity of execution, to commence the tunnel at both sides of the channel at the same time. M. Thomé de Gamond proposes, therefore, and it is perhaps the most chimerical part of his magnificent project, to apply to the excavation of this submarine tunnel the procedure employed with so much success in the excavation of land tunnels, and particularly in that of Nerthe, on the line from Lyons to the Mediterranean. The method alluded to is that of sinking wells. To do this it is proposed to throw up, at certain distances on the line prescribed for the direction of the tunnel, thirteen temporary islands of a good width of base. Each of these islands raised above the sea will be provided with a small reflector light and necessary work-shops. It will be thus possible to sink thirteen wells, and to attack the work of boring the tunnel by twenty-eight openings at once, which will admit of this monumental labor being completed in six years. What will it cost? An important question. According to the calculations of M. de Gamond the total expense will be 174 million francs (£6,960,000).

MORE PIOUS FRAUDS.

The *Siècle* calls attention to the impudent frauds which speculators in the credulity of the public are emboldened to commit by the encouragement given by the Roman Catholic priests to the manufacture of miracles. The water of the spring which the Church pretends burst forth some ten years ago on the spot where the lying shepherd boys say they saw the Virgin, is commonly sold at 5 francs the quart bottle. A sanctimonious adventurer has now issued a circular to "all pious children of Mary," soliciting subscriptions to enable him to make a pilgrimage to the Salette, and he kindly and considerately promises that as many people can not afford to buy a whole bottle of the water at the regular price, he will let them have a half or a quarter the quantity, or even a fifth part, at a proportionate charge, but in that case "in their own jugs!" Moreover, by way of premium, he undertakes to procure masses to be said for all subscribers at the Church of Notre Dame de la Salette, Notre Dame de Fouvières at Lyons, and Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. This pious bagman furthermore undertakes to execute orders for medals, images, chaplets, wax candles, etc., the money being in all cases paid to him before he starts on his journey.

A LUCKLESS STOCK SPECULATOR.

An American, named Edward D——, some time ago arrived in Paris and took up his residence in a hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin. He embarked in Bourse speculations, and was, he acknowledged, unsuccessful. During the last few days he was observed to be in a state of profound despondency. Nothing having been seen or heard of him during a whole day, the proprietor of the hotel experienced alarm and broke open the door of his room, which was found locked. Mr. D—— was found seated in an arm-chair with his brains blown out. No report of any fire-arm had been heard, and it appeared that he had made use of an air pistol, which was found lying by his side.

WANTED, A HOSPITAL FOR AUTHORS.

A remarkably fine-looking old man, with a head which would be an excellent model for a painter, and manners full of dignity, was the other day placed at the tribunal of Correctional Police on the charge of vagrancy. It was proved that he had been found wandering about the streets at night. After stating in answer to the President that his name was Lessona, that he was a Sardinian, and a literary man by profession, he was asked what he had to say to the charge. "I beg your pardon, Sir," answered he, "but I am no vagabond, for I have a residence!" "Where is it?" "It is the asylum for literary men!" said the prisoner with a smile. "I never heard of any such establishment—where is it situated?" "It is the prison des Madelonnettes!" "Do you know any one in Paris?" "I know several great people, but they are absent now!" "You begged, also, did you not?" "Oh, Sir! beg! I, a literary man!" It was stated that on being searched nothing was found on the old man except a few crusts of bread and a small bottle which had been filled with brandy. The Tribunal ordered that he should be sent to prison for a day, and then to the dépôt of mendicity.

A FEMININE STOCK OPERATOR.

A man bearing the name of Carpentier, the managing director and principal concoctor of the "General Society of Algerian Credit," has been convicted of swindling, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. An accomplice, named Lambert de Roissy, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment. It appeared that they were both men of straw, and while starting the General Society of Credit for Algeria without any capital whatever, had contrived in a most ingenious way to obtain credit for themselves. Numerous victims of their frauds gave evidence. Among the witnesses was a Madlle. Roberts, a girl who could scarcely read and write, and who, nevertheless, had amassed the considerable sum of 60,000 francs by gambling at the Bourse. Some surprise was expressed by the court at the fact of a person in her humble condition having so much money. She naïvely explained that having saved a little, and received a present from a respectable friend, she had augmented her capital by buying and selling at the Bourse, going invariably upon the principle of buying securities when they were cheap and selling them when they were dear. How many old hands would be glad to learn Madlle. Robert's secret! It came to pass that as she had one day realized a larger sale of Crédit Mobilier shares, and was coming away from the Bourse with 60,000 francs—her whole fortune—in her pocket, she fell in with Carpentier and de Roissy, who so vaunted the merits of Algerine Credit, that they extracted from her the whole of her treasure. This seems to have been the greatest haul they ever made, for immediately afterward they left a very poor lodging, and lived luxuriously in a handsomely furnished house. Poor Madlle. Roberts will never see a fraction of her 60,000 francs.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

A Paris letter says: "The monetary crisis in the United States has made a clean sweep of the spending American class. Many who on their travels had written to their agents in Paris to secure them, regardless of price, the most presentable houses for the season, have since either countermanded these orders or paid forfeit, and expectation is, that beyond a very infinitesimal portion, the American dollar will find no representative here in the ensuing season. It is the more unfortunate since, encouraged by their numerical and opulent phalanx, ground has this year been purchased in the Rue du Berry for the erection of a beautiful chapel for the exclusive use of the citizens of the United States, and the building is in such an advanced state of progress that it will be ready for opening by the end of the existing year. What is to be done with it, is in every one's mouth, seeing that while accommodation is provided for a thousand, not a tenth of the number can be found. It may be doubted whether—and it is understood that the expense is not less than £10,000 sterling—from the first, the pious or speculative motive was not very unwise. An English chapel can always be supported here, if only from the visitors which arrive on Saturday, stay Sunday, and leave for London the following day; but from this supply an American chapel is necessarily cut off, and in the event of any casualty like the present interfering with the supply of resident visitors, it must of course remain an empty, though a beautiful monument of pious intentions."

VERGER'S SISTER.

The name of Verger, infamous by its association with the murder of the late Archbishop of Paris, has again been brought under public notice. The sister of the assassin had formed a *liaison* with one M. d'Oliveira, and every thing had gone on harmoniously till the brother's unhappy notoriety. On this, the gentleman began to be tired of his fair one, who displayed something of the family insanity by sitting down and making a calculation of the worth of her services from the commencement of her liaison, at the rate of ten francs a day—the minimum value, as she said, of her society. She had robbed her protector, as was alleged, of money, but by this calculation she attempted to prove that if such was the case, she was still a creditor on account of her prostitution. M. d'Oliveira had brought the lady before the Civil Tribunal.

PRUSSIA.

THE KING'S ILLNESS.

A letter from Berlin says: "The real state of the case is, that though, doubtless, the august patient is gaining some strength from rest and quiet, his state approaches closely to stupor; he can walk a little about the room with the help of a servant, and at times utters lucid remarks, but is incapable of a sustained conversation, from his inability to recollect or to clothe his ideas in fitting expressions, which to one formerly so remarkable for felicity of expression is doubly painful and highly irritating. In the night of the 7th to the 8th instant the King lay for two hours motionless, senseless, and breathless; so that the Queen and the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his sister, who were sitting up with him, were almost driven to believe his spirit had actually departed, the more so as the brightest light held before his eyes produced no effect upon them, while in life he is peculiarly and painfully affected by light. It was at this juncture that the Prince of Prussia was sent for in all haste, and he immediately summoned all the other members of the Royal family by telegraph. Until to-day the Prince of Prussia has, I believe, hardly left Sans-Souci since he was that night called thither, but he has not as yet been admitted to speak with the King, in spite of all the improvement that we read of in the bulletins. The last document bearing that name appeared this morning, and states: 'The course of his Majesty's illness during the last four-and-twenty hours was, considering the circumstances, satisfactory.' Now that your readers have learned from me what 'the circumstances' are, they will not permit the adjective 'satisfactory' to mislead them into too sanguine expectations."

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE.

Of the Prince a letter-writer says: "It is not yet possible to foretell what new policy the Prince of Prussia will adopt when his destiny calls him to the throne. All that is known is, that in many respects the Prince does not share the political views of his brother, and of some of these views he is the declared opponent. The education of the Prince—concluded in an epoch one of the most unhappy in the Prussian annals, 1806 to 1813—has impressed his character with a serious turn. Later they have attributed to the Prince, who appeared to have a marked predilection for the military *regime* adopted in Russia, a very decided *penchant* for Russia itself. When the royal family deliberated on the development of representative institutions, the Prince appeared to evince the strongest repugnance in giving his consent to these innovations; and, in the session of the Diet, the Prince declared himself that the institutions decreed by the ordonnance of February 3, 1847, appeared to him to be the last limit of concessions which the Crown should grant. In the days of March, 1848, and after that period, the Prince became the object of blind aversion to the revolutionists. However, certain personages made later some mysterious efforts to gain the Prince the Liberal party, and the Princess Royal made no mystery of her sympathies for the Frankfort members of Parliament, even when the King had refused the Imperial crown which this Parliament offered to him. In 1849 the Prince of Prussia put himself at the head of the army which entered the Palatinate and the Grand Duchy of Baden to stifle the last convulsions of the same German revolution which had wished to transport the crown of the Germanic Empire to Berlin. The Prince did not assist at the sitting of the Chambers in which the King took the oath to the new constitution. The Princess, his wife, did not conceal her regret at the pacific mission of M. Manteuffel to Olmütz, by which the imminent danger of a war with Austria was averted. These facts seem in some measure to contradict each other, but it results from their *ensemble* that the character—noble, loyal, and firm—of the Prince, a stranger to all ostentation, has never varied. Once hated, suspected, and persecuted by the violent party, he appears now as the representative and champion of Prussian nationality, and surrounded by the *aureole* of popular sympathies."

SWEDEN.

THE NEW REGENT.

The Hereditary Prince of Sweden has signalized his assumption of the post of Regent of Sweden and Norway by important nominations in the army and navy.

Prince Charles is endowed by nature with strength of body, an excellent disposition, and a handsome person. At the age of thirty, he gayly partakes of the enjoyments of his age. He likes the pleasures of the world, and has a decided taste for military life, which harmonizes so well with his natural instincts. He is kind, generous, and ardent, an enemy to court etiquette and all restraint, and in his language is sometimes blunt even to rudeness. He is adored by the army, with whom he likes to fraternize, and has also, by his frankness and the simplicity of his manners, gained the good feelings of the Republican inhabitants of Norway. Although he may be a democrat in his manners, he is very little so in politics; hitherto, at least, he has shown himself to be a Conservative. He gave ample proof of that in 1848, and at a later period, when it was in contemplation to modify the Swedish constitution. No one can have forgotten the opposition which he then showed to the conciliatory and liberal views of the King, his father, and he got into considerable disfavor in the Liberal camp. Their good opinion, however, has of late years returned. His openly avowed sympathies for the cause of the allies during the war in the East, his wishes that Sweden should take an active part in that contest, his systematic hostility to Russia, his well-known intentions relative to Finland, which he thought should be restored to Sweden, the predilection which he professes for Charles XII.—in a word, that *ensemble* of views and sentiments which it has been here agreed to call his national attitude, has again united him to his former adversaries on a common ground. In placing himself at the head of the unionist movement, which is so strongly imbued with liberalism, the Prince Royal has, in a manner, accepted a new solidarity of interests with them."

SPAIN.

THE NEW PREMIER.

The following notice of the new Spanish premier appears in the papers: "Don Francisco Armero y Peneranda entered the Spanish navy in 1822. He was a midshipman when the civil war between the partisans of Queen Christina and those of Don Carlos broke out, and at the second siege of Bilboa by the Carlists he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and at the third siege to that of captain; this last rank was the reward for the bravery and skill he displayed in going up and down the river of Bilboa with his vessel under the fire of the enemy in order to carry his reinforcements to the city. Captain Armero was the first who landed at the bridge of Luchana on the day of the victory which gave the title of Count de Luchana to General Espartero. He afterward obtained further rank, and commanded the naval division of Catalonia. In 1849, when Minister of Marine, he accompanied the Queen Regent and Queen Isabella to Valentia. After the events of Barcelona, which compelled the Queen-Regent to quit Spain, he retired from political life, and did not return to it until 1843, when he was made Minister of Marine in the first Cabinet presided over by Marshal Narvaez, and afterward filled the same post in that of which M. Isturitz was President. In 1848 M. Armero, who was then Vice-Admiral, was appointed to the command of the Spanish squadron at Cuba. On his return to Spain he was named to the post of Minister of Marine in the Bravo-Murillo Cabinet, which office he resigned a short time before the dissolution of that Ministry. In 1855 M. Armero attained by seniority the rank of Captain-General or Admiral of the Fleet. Admiral Armero has, therefore, owed his advancement solely to his naval and administrative services, and from the frankness and moderation of his character he enjoys the highest consideration in Spain. He is closely united by conformity of principles and political feelings, as well as by long standing personal friendship, to M. Mon, now Spanish Embassador at Rome, and his first act was to summon that diplomatist to Madrid, in order to obtain his assistance in the formation of a new Cabinet."

WALLACHIA.

A CURIOUS LAWSUIT.

An interesting trial is about to take place in Bucharest. One of the great families of this country, that of Brankovan, was supposed to have become extinct some years ago, and the last member of it adopted the son of Prince Bibesco. An old man, seventy-five years of age, in the service of Russia, has, however, just put in a claim to the property on the ground that he is the lawful successor of Constantine II., Prince of Brankovan, and Voivode of Wallachia, a century ago. This personage was, it appears, accused of high treason, and the Turkish government sent janissaries to his palace, who decapitated him, and carried off his children to Constantinople. There the children were ordered to be strangled, and they were all killed except one, who by some means escaped, a negro boy being killed in his place. The little Brankovan was conveyed to Georgia, and, when he grew to man's estate, married a princess of the country. By that princess he had a son, who is the person who has now come forward.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

A QUEER CASE OF DROWNING.

At St. John's, New Brunswick, a few nights ago, it being very dark, a man named Archibald Brown walked off one of the wharves when the tide was out. He groped his way along in the mud, but instead of taking a course that would extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament, he wandered up among the spiles beneath the wharf, where, of course, he became more bewildered than ever. The rising tide made him conscious of his danger, and by shouts and noise he was enabled to attract the notice of persons passing in the vicinity, but too late for succor. As the tide rose he climbed to the top of the spiles, and through a small aperture in the wharf sufficient to admit one of his arms, he was enabled to inform them of his situation. His position and feelings can be imagined when the water was every moment rising around him, and he could not be extricated. He shook hands with his friends, passed through the hole all the money and valuables he had about his person, and just as the water was closing over him, after giving some directions concerning his family, he bid his friends good-by, and the gurgling water beneath announced that all was over. His body was recovered when the tide receded. Mr. Brown was highly respected. He leaves a family and many friends.

INDIA.

THE FEELING THROUGHOUT THE EAST.

It is not only in India that the Mohammedans are arming themselves, for the armorers in all the cities and towns of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt were never carrying on such extensive trade as at present. All that is taking place at Calcutta, under the eyes of the Governor-General of India, the European consuls see repeated at Smyrna, at Acre, at Alexandria, and elsewhere. The most pacific Orientals, those even who are not accustomed to handle arms, are purchasing revolvers, and the Turk, the Syrian, and the Egyptian make no secret of the motive which leads them to purchase these weapons. One of our friends, who is on the spot, states that something is in agitation among the Mussulmans population—something which very closely resembles the rising of the Mussulmans in India. Europe deceives itself in imagining that any gratitude is felt because the Western Powers supported the Crescent against the Greek Cross. It is quite the contrary. The hatred felt throughout all the East is unbounded. It is in the strongest terms of indignation that the events at Constantinople are talked of. Never has a Christian obtained less justice or been more detested than since the Christian States have declared themselves the protectors of the Mussulmans.

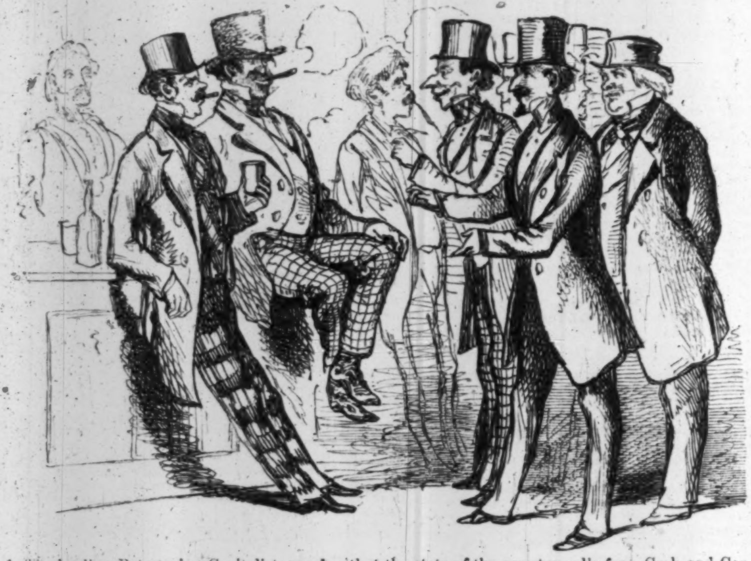
BURNING OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

A Scotch soldier writes the following to his friends: "We came to a village and set it on fire. The sun came out and we got dry, but we soon got wet again with sweat. We came to a large village, and it was full of people. We took about 200, and set fire to it. I went in, and it was all in flames. I saw an old man trying to trail out a bed. He was not able to walk, far less carry out the cot. I ordered him out of the village, and pointed out the flames, and told him as well as I could that if he did not he would be burned. I took the cot, and dragged him out. I came round a corner of a street or lane, and I could see nothing but smoke and flames. I stood for a moment to think which way I should go. Just as I was looking round, I saw a house and the flames bursting out of the walls, and to my surprise I saw a little boy about four years old looking out at the door. I pointed the way out to the old man, and told him if he did not go I would shoot him. I rushed to the house I saw the little boy at. The door was by that time in flames. I thought not of myself; I thought of the poor helpless child. I rushed in, and after I got in there was a sort of square, and all round this were houses, and they were all in flames; and instead of seeing the helpless child, I beheld six children from eight to two years old, an old dotal woman, an old man not able to walk without help, and a young woman about twenty years old, with a child wrapped up in her bosom. I am sure the child was not above five or six hours old. The mother was in a hot fever. I stood and looked, but looking at that time would not do.

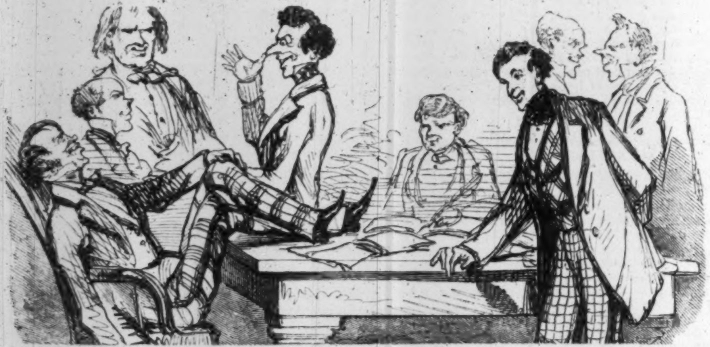
"I tried to get the little boys to fly, but they would not. I took the infant; the mother would have it; I gave it back; I took the woman and her infant in my arms to carry her and the babe out. The children took the old woman and man. I took the lead, knowing they would follow. I came to a place that it was impossible to see whereabouts I was with flames. I dashed through, and called on the others to follow. After a hard fight I got them all safe out, but that was all. Even coming through the fire, part of their clothes, that did not cover half of their body, was burned. I set them down in the field, and went in at another place. I saw nothing but flames all round. A little further, I saw a poor old woman trying to come out. She could not walk; she only could creep on her hands and feet. I went up to her, and told her I would carry her out; but no, she would not allow me to do it; but, when I saw it was no use to put off with her, I took her up in my arms and carried her out. I went in at the other end, and came across a woman about twenty-two years of age. She was sitting over a man that, to all appearance, would not see the day out. She was wetting his lips with some *siste*. The fire was coming fast, and the others all round were in flames.

"Not far from this I saw four women. I ran up to them, and asked them to come and help the sick man and woman out, but they thought they had enough to do, and so they had, poor things; but, to save the woman and the dying man, I drew my bayonet, and told them if they did not I would kill them. They came, carried them out, and laid them under a tree. I left them. To look on, any one would have said that the flames were in the clouds. When I went to the other side of the village, there were about one hundred and forty women and about sixty children, all crying and lamenting what had been done. The old woman of that small family I took out came, and I thought she would have kissed the ground I stood on. I offered them some biscuit I had for my day's rations, but they would not take it: it would break their caste, they said."

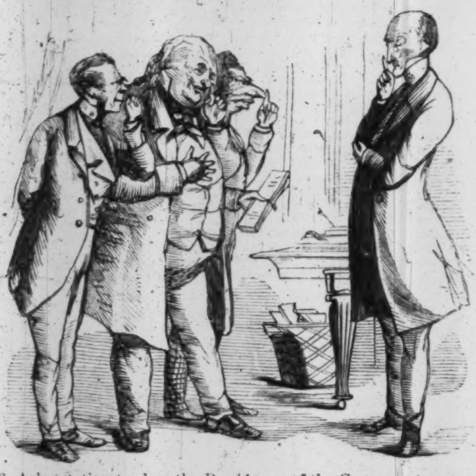
A True Pictorial History of the Career of the Patagonian Cash and Confidence Co., illustrating



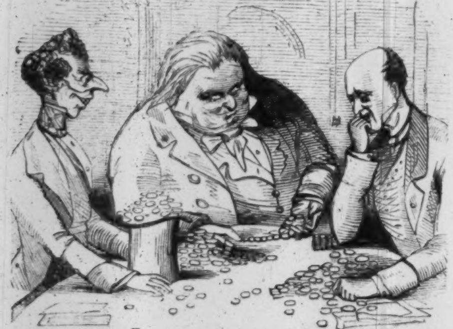
1. The leading Patagonian Capitalists resolve that the state of the country calls for a Cash and Confidence Company.



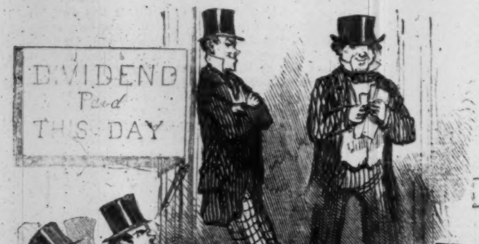
2. The stock books are opened precisely at 11 A.M., and, in the language of next day's money article, "by 11*h*. 17*m*. all the scrip was taken up, the exasperation of disappointed applicants for stock being actually terrible."



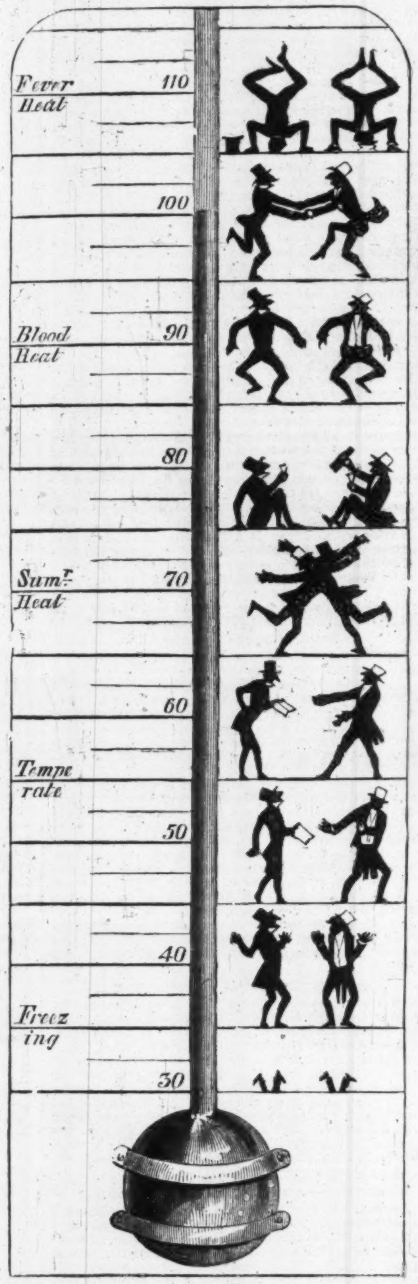
3. A deputation tenders the Presidency of the Company to a very eminent and strictly moral Banker.



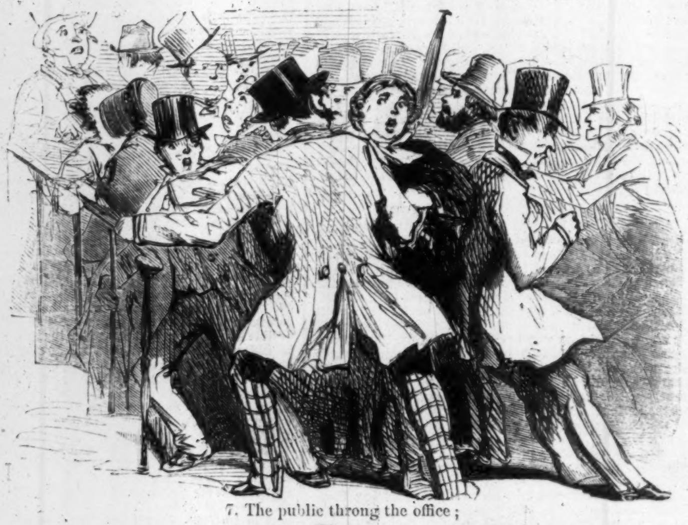
4. On the credit of the strictly moral Banker, money is borrowed;



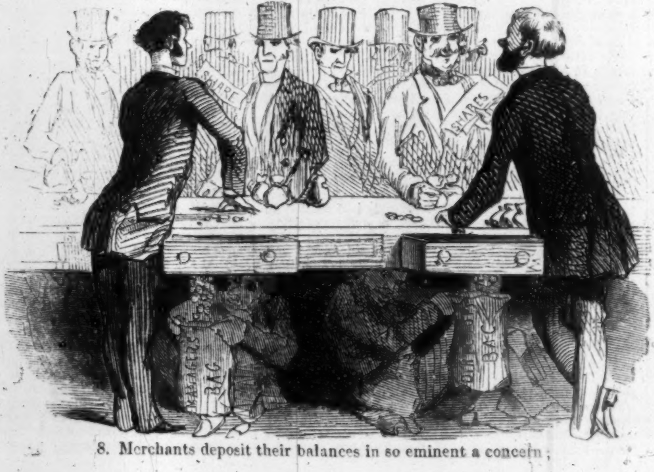
5. And a dividend is forthwith declared.



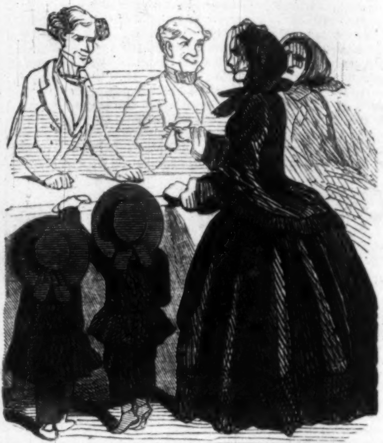
6. The stock goes up in consequence, and the feelings of the stockholders rise as above.



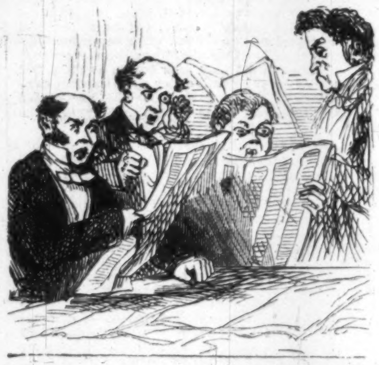
7. The public throng the office;



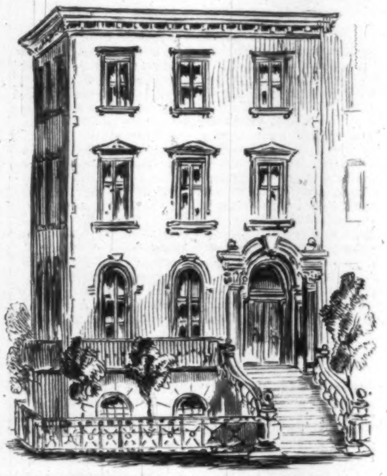
8. Merchants deposit their balances in so eminent a concern;



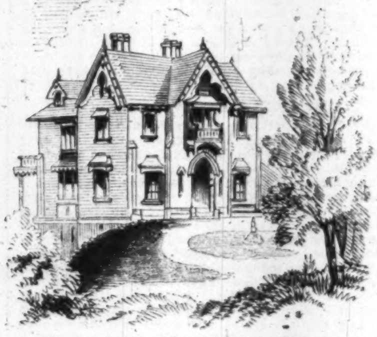
9. And the widow and the orphan intrust their pittance to the strictly moral President and Directors.



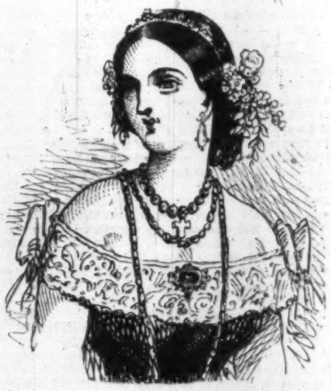
10. If a ribald press questions the solidity of the concern, the Directors reflect that license is the price of liberty—



11. And console themselves, one in this house on the Avenue;

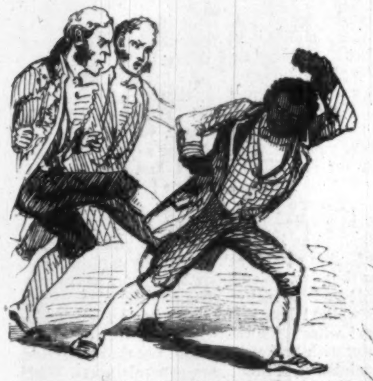


12. Another in this seat on the Hudson;

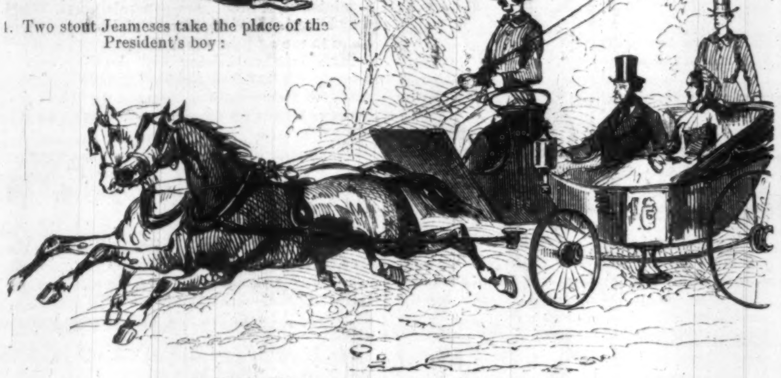


13. And a third in the refining influence of such female loveliness as is here depicted.

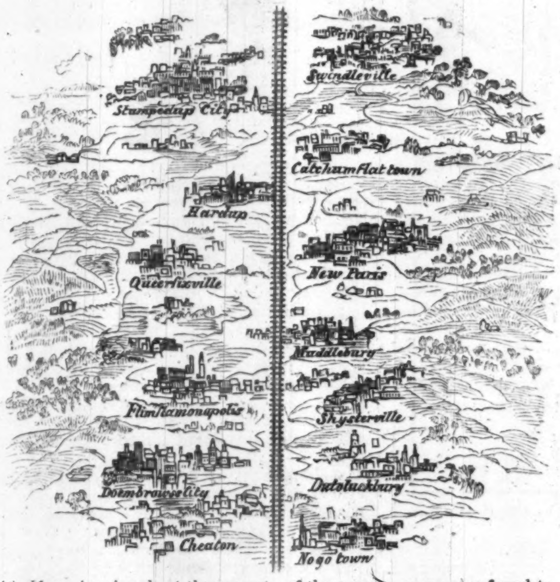
the Simple and Beautiful Manner in which Commercial Revulsions are Created in our Time.



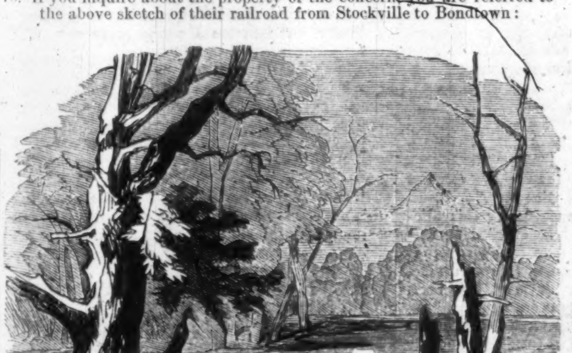
14. Two stout Jeameses take the place of the President's boy:



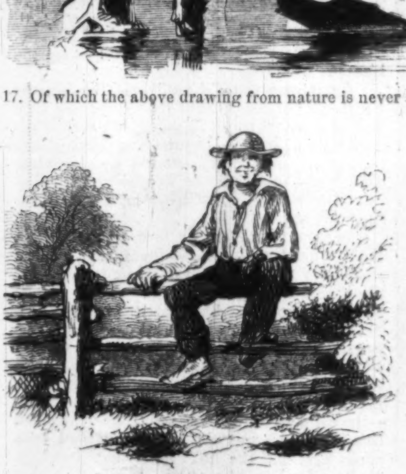
15. And his turn-out is universally admired.


Stampedup City
Swindleville
Catchamflattown
Hardup
Quserfixville
New Paris
Muddlebury
Flimflamonapolis
Shysterville
Doembrowseity
Dutoluckbury
Cheaton
Nogo town

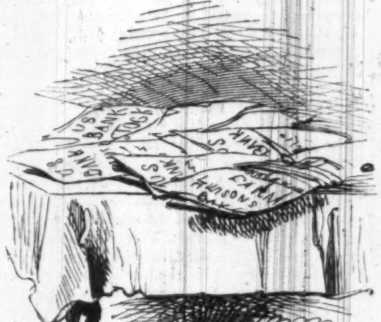
16. If you inquire about the property of the concern, you are referred to the above sketch of their railroad from Stockville to Bondtown:



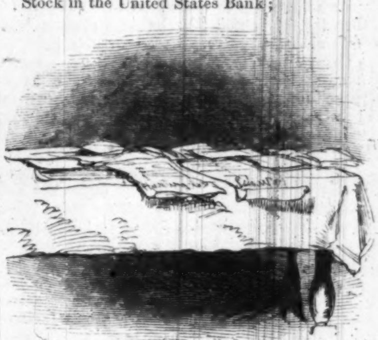
17. Of which the above drawing from nature is never shown to the public:



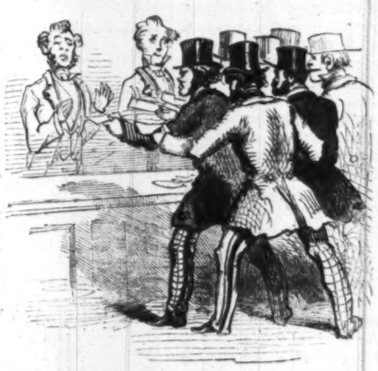
18. Also, to their coal mines in Pennsylvania, of which you have above a sketch, with portraits of the whole force employed in the full vigor of their operations.


US BANK STOCK
U.S BANK
HUDSONS BAY

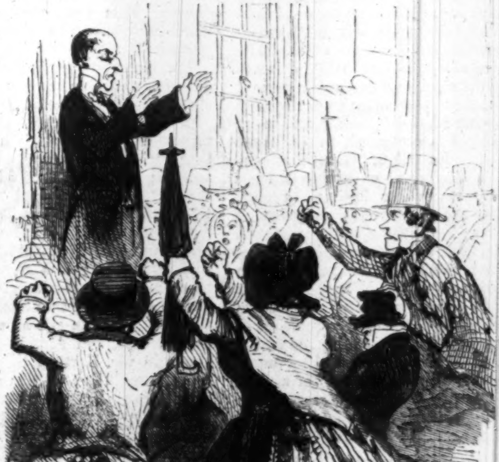
19. Also, a number of bonds and mortgages on real estate in Hudson's Bay, and a quantity of Stock in the United States Bank;



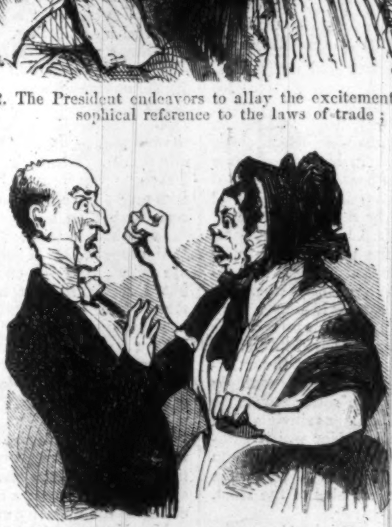
20. Besides a trunk full of first-class paper signed by Schuyler, and endorsed by Huntingdon and other parties of equal standing.



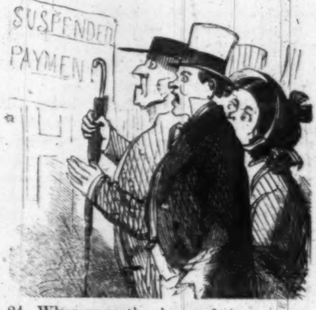
1. But one day an alarm spreads, and an ignorant and imbecile populace demand specie for their paper.



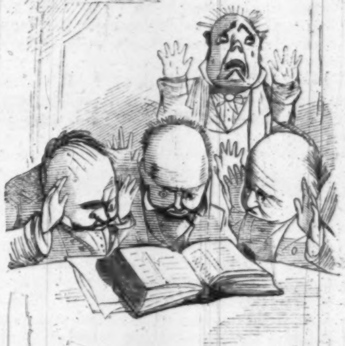
22. The President endeavors to allay the excitement by philosophical reference to the laws of trade;



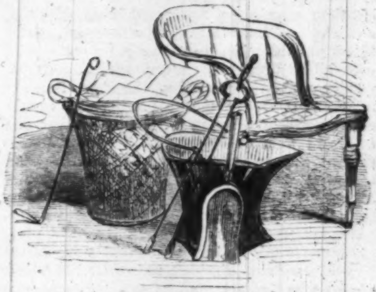
23. But fails to convince old Huggins, the apple-woman, who threatens him with personal violence.


SUSPENDED PAYMENT

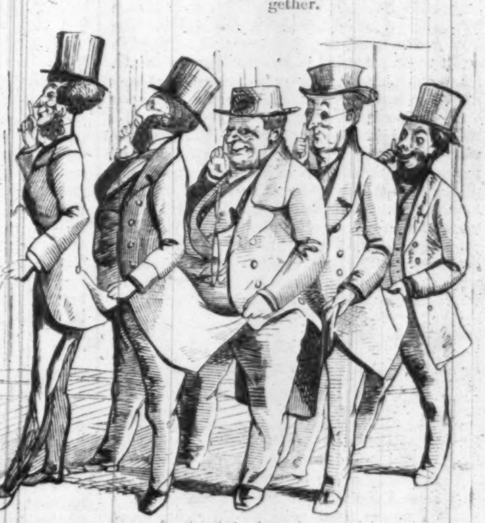
24. Whereupon the doors of the concern are shut.



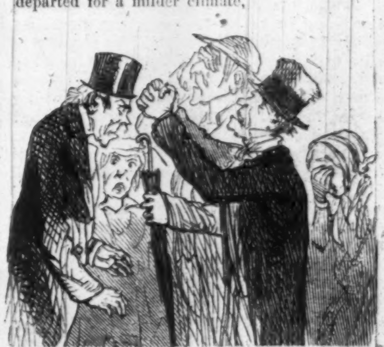
25. The books are examined, and frightful disorder discovered;



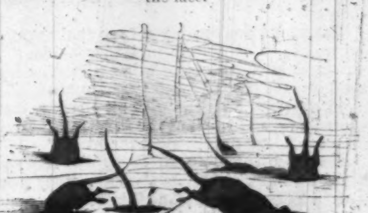
26. And the assets of the concern are collected together.



27. The strictly moral President and Directors have meanwhile departed for a milder climate,



28. And the Stockholders see ruin staring them in the face.



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

Omne ignotum pro Magnifico—Rumor, knowing nothing of his antecedents, exalts Gentleman Waife into Don Magnifico.

THE Comedian and his two coadjutors were followed to the Saracen's Head Inn by a large crowd, but at a respectful distance. Though I know few things less pleasing than to have been decoyed and entrapped into an unexpected demand upon one's purse—when one only counted, too, upon an agreeable evening—and hold, therefore, in just abhorrence the circulating plate which sometimes follows a popular oration, homily, or other eloquent appeal to British liberality; yet I will venture to say there was not a creature whom the Comedian had surprised into impulsive beneficence who regretted his action, grudged its cost, or thought he had paid too dear for his entertainment. All had gone through a series of such pleasurable emotions, that all had, as it were, wished a vent for their gratitude—and when the vent was found it became an additional pleasure. But, strange to say, no one could satisfactorily explain to himself these two questions—for what, and to whom, had he given his money? It was not a general conjecture that the exhibitor wanted the money for his own uses. No, despite the evidence in favor of that idea, a person so respectable, so dignified—addressing them, too, with that noble assurance to which a man who begs for himself is not morally entitled—a person thus characterized must be some high-hearted philanthropist who condescended to display his powers at an institute purely intellectual, perhaps on behalf of an eminent but decayed author, whose name, from the respect due to letters, was delicately concealed. Mr. Williams—considered the hardest head and most practical man in the town—originated and maintained that hypothesis. Probably the stranger was an author himself—a great and affluent author. Had not great and affluent authors—men who are the boast of our time and land—acted, yea, on a common stage, and acted inimitably, too, on behalf of some lettered brother or literary object? Therefore in these guileless minds, with all the pecuniary advantages of extreme penury and forlorn position, the Comedian obtained the respect due to prosperous circumstances and high renown. But there was one universal wish expressed by all who had been present, as they took their way homeward—and that wish was to renew the pleasure they had experienced, even if they paid the same price for it. Could not the long-closed theatre be re-opened; and the great man be induced by philanthropic motives, and an assured sum, raised by voluntary subscriptions, to gratify the whole town, as he had gratified its selected intellect? Mr. Williams, in a state of charitable thaw, now softest of the soft, like most hard men when once softened, suggested this idea to the Mayor. The Mayor said, evasively, that he would think of it, and that he intended to pay his respects to Mr. Chapman before he returned home—that very night—it was proper. Mr. Williams and many others wished to accompany his worship. But the kind magistrate suggested that Mr. Chapman would be greatly fatigued; that the presence of many might seem more an intrusion than a compliment; that he, the Mayor, had better go alone, and at a somewhat later hour, when Mr. Chapman, though not retired to bed, might have had time for rest and refreshment. This delicate consideration had its weight; and the streets were thin when the Mayor's gig stopped, in its way villa-ward, at the Saracen's Head.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is the interval between our first repinings and our final resignation, in which, both with individuals and communities, is to be found all that makes a History worth telling. Ere yet we yearn for what is out of our reach, we are still in the cradle. When wearied out with our yearnings, Desire again falls asleep—we are on the death-bed.

SOPHY (leaning on her grandfather's arm, as they ascend the stair of the Saracen's Head). "But I am so tired, grandy—I'd rather go to bed at once, please."

GENTLEMAN WAIFE. "Surely you could take something to eat first—something nice, Miss Chapman? (whispering close) We can live in clover now"—a phrase which means (aloud to the landlady, who crossed the landing-place above) "grilled chicken and mushrooms for supper, ma'am! Why don't you smile, Sophy? Oh, darling, you are ill!"

"No, no, grandy dear—only tired—let me go to bed. I shall be better to-morrow—I shall indeed!"

Waife looked fondly into her face, but his spirits were too much exhilarated to allow him to notice the unusual flush upon her cheek, except with admiration of the increased beauty which the heightened color gave to her soft features.

"Well," said he, "you *are* a pretty child!—a very pretty child—and you act wonderfully. You would make a fortune on the stage, but—"

SOPHY (eagerly). "But no, no, never!—not the stage!"

WAIFE. "I don't wish you to go on the stage, as you know. A private exhibition—like the one to-night, for instance—has (thrusting his hand into his pocket) much to recommend it."

SOPHY (with a sigh). "Thank Heaven, that is over now, and you'll not be in want of money for a long, long time! Dear Sir Isaac!"

She began caressing Sir Isaac, who received her attentions with solemn pleasure. They were now in Sophy's room; and Waife, after again pressing the child in vain to take some refreshment, bestowed on her his kiss and blessing, and whistled *Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre* to Sir Isaac, who, considering that melody an invitation to supper, licked his lips, and stalked forth, rejoicing, but decorous.

Left alone, the child breathed long and hard, pressing her hands to her bosom, and sunk wearily on the foot of the bed. There were no shutters to the window, and the moonlight came in gently, stealing across that part of the wall and floor which the ray of the candle left in shade. The girl raised her eyes slowly toward the window—toward the glimpse of the blue sky, and the slanting lustre of the moon. There is a certain epoch in our childhood when what is called the romance of sentiment first makes itself vaguely felt. And ever with the dawn of that sentiment the moon and the stars take a strange and haunting fascination. Few persons in middle life—even though they be genuine poets—feel the peculiar spell in the severe stillness and mournful splendor of starry skies which impresses most of us, even though no poets at all, in that mystic age when childhood nearly touches upon youth, and turns an unquiet heart to those marvelous riddles within us and without, which we cease to conjecture when experience has taught us that they have no solution upon this side the grave. Lured by the light, the child rose softly, approached the window, and resting her upturned face upon both hands, gazed long in the heavens, communing evidently with herself, for her lips moved and murmured indistinctly. Slowly she retired from the casement, and again seated herself at the foot of the bed, disconsolate. And then her thoughts ran somewhat thus, though she might not have shaped them exactly in the same words: "No! I can not understand it. Why was I contented and happy before I knew *him?* Why did I see no harm, no shame in this way of life—not even on that stage with those people—until *he* said, 'It was what he wished I had never stooped to.' And grandfather says our paths are so different, they can not cross each other again. There is a path of life, then, which I can never enter; there is a path on which I must always, always walk—always, always, always that path—no escape! Never to come into that other one where there is no disguise, no hiding, no false names—never, never!" She started impatiently, and with a wild look, "It is killing me!"

Then, terrified by her own impetuosity, she threw herself on the bed, weeping low. Her heart had now gone back to her grandfather; it was smiting her for ingratitude to him. Could there be shame or wrong in what he asked—in what he did? And was she to murmur if she aided him to exist? What was the opinion of a stranger boy, compared to the approving, sheltering love of her sole guardian and tried, fostering friend? And could people choose their own callings and modes of life? If one road went this way, another that; and they on the one road were borne farther and farther away from those on the other—as that idea came, consolation stopped, and in her noiseless weeping there was a bitterness as of despair. But the tears ended by relieving the grief that caused them. Wearied out of conjecture and complaint, her mind relapsed into the old native, childish submission. With a fervor in which there was self-reproach, she repeated her meek, nightly prayer, that God would bless her dear grandfather, and suffer her to be his comfort and support. Then mechanically she undressed, extinguished the candle, and crept into bed. The moonlight became bolder and bolder; it advanced up the floors, along the walls; now it floods her very pillow, and seems to her eyes to take a holy, loving kindness, holier and more loving as the lids droop beneath it. A vague remembrance of some tale of "Guardian spirits," with which Waife had once charmed her wonder, stirred through her lulling thoughts, linking itself with the presence of that encircling moonlight. There! see, the eyelids are closed—no tear upon their fringe. See the dimples steal out as the sweet lips are parted. She sleeps, she dreams already! Where and what is the rude world of waking now? Are there *not* guardian spirits? Deride the question if thou wilt, stern man, the reasoning and self-reliant; but thou, O fair mother, who hast marked the strange happiness on the face of a child that has wept itself to sleep—what sayest *thou* to the soft tradition, which surely had its origin in the heart of the earliest mother?

CHAPTER XV.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

MEANWHILE the Comedian had made himself and Sir Isaac extremely comfortable. No unabstemious man by habit was Gentleman Waife. He could dine on a crust, and season it with mirth; and as for exciting drinks, there was a childlike innocence in his humor never known to a brain that has been washed in alcohol. But on this special occasion, Waife's heart was made so bounteous by the novel sense of prosperity that it compelled him to treat himself. He did honor to the grilled chicken, to which he had vainly tempted Sophy. He ordered half a pint of port to be mulled into negus. He helped himself with a bow, as if himself were a guest, and nodded each time he took off his glass, as much as to say, "Your health, Mr. Waife!" He even offered a glass of the exhilarating draught to Sir Isaac, who, exceedingly offended, retreated under the sofa, whence he peered forth through his deciduous ringlets, with brows knit in grave rebuke. Nor was it without deliberate caution—a whisker first, and then a paw—that he emerged from his retreat, when a plate, heaped with the remains of the feast, was placed upon the hearth-rug.

The supper over and the attendant gone, the negus still left, Waife lighted his pipe, and gazing on Sir Isaac, thus addressed that canine philosopher: "Illustrious member of the Quadrupedal Society of Friends to Man, and as possessing those abilities for practical life which but few friends to man ever display in his service, promoted to high rank—Commissary General of the Victualing Department, and Chancellor of the Exchequer—I have the honor to inform you that a vote of thanks in your favor has been proposed in this House, and carried unanimously." Sir Isaac, looking shy, gave another lick to the plate, and wagged his tail. "It is true that thou wert once (shall I say it?) in fault at 'Beauty and Worth;' thy memory deserted thee; thy peroration was on the verge of a break-down; but 'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,' as the Latin grammar philosophically expresseth it. Mortals the wisest, not only on two legs, but even upon four, occasionally stumble. The greatest general, statesman, sage, is not he who commits no blunder, but he who best repairs a blunder, and converts it to success. This was thy merit and distinction! It hath never been mine! I recognize thy superior genius. I place in thee unqualified confidence; and consigning thee to the arms of Morpheus, since I see that panegyric acts on thy nervous system as a salubrious soporific, I now move that this House do resolve itself into a Committee of Ways and Means for the Consideration of the Budget!"

Therewith, while Sir Isaac fell into a profound sleep, the Comedian deliberately emptied his pockets on the table; and arranging gold and silver before him, thrice carefully counted the total, and then divided it into sundry small heaps.

"That's for the bill," quoth he—"Civil List!—a large item. That's for Sophy, the darling! She shall have a teacher, and learn French—Education Grant. Current Expenses for the next fortnight; Miscellaneous Estimates—tobacco—we'll call that Secret Service Money. Ah, scamp, vagrant! is not Heaven kind to thee at last? A few more such nights, and who knows but thine old age may have other roof than the work-house? And Sophy? Ah, what of her? Merciful Providence, spare my life till she has outgrown its uses!" A tear came to his eye; he brushed it away quickly, and re-counting his money, hummed a joyous tune.

The door opened; Waife looked up in surprise, sweeping his hand over the coins, and restoring them to his pocket.

The Mayor entered.

As Mr. Hartopp walked slowly up the room, his eye fixed Waife's; and that eye was so searching, though so mild, that the Comedian felt himself change color. His gay spirits fell—falling lower and lower, the nearer the Mayor's step came to him; and when Hartopp, without speaking, took his hand—not in compliment—not in congratulation, but pressed it as if in deep compassion, still looking him full in the face, with those pitying, penetrating eyes, the Actor experienced a sort of shock, as if he were read through, despite all his histrionic disguises—read through to his heart's core; and, as silent as his visitor, sunk back on his chair abashed—disconcerted.

MR. HARTOPP. "Poor man!"

THE COMEDIAN (rousing himself with an effort, but still confused). "Down, Sir Isaac, down! This visit, Mr. Mayor, is an honor which may well take a dog by surprise! Forgive him!

MR. HARTOPP (patting Sir Isaac, who was inquisitively sniffing his garments, and drawing a chair close to the Actor, who thereon edged his own chair a little away—in vain; for, on that movement, Mr. Hartopp advanced in proportion). "Your dog is a very admirable and clever animal; but in the exhibition of a learned dog, there is something which tends to sadden one. By what privations has he been forced out of his natural ways? By what fastings and severe usage have his instincts been distorted into tricks? Hunger is a stern teacher, Mr. Chapman; and to those whom it teaches, we can not always give praise unmixed with pity."

THE COMEDIAN (ill at ease under this allegorical tone, and surprised at quicker intelligence in Mr. Hartopp than he had given that person credit for)—"You speak like an oracle, Mr. Mayor; but that dog, at least, has been mildly educated, and kindly used. Inborn genius, Sir, will have its vent. Hum! a most intelligent audience honored us to-night; and our best thanks are due to you."

MR. HARTOPP. "Mr. Chapman, let us be frank with each other. I am not a clever man—perhaps a dull one. If I had set up for a clever man I should not be where I am now. Hush! no compliments. But my life has brought me into frequent contact with those who suffer; and the dullest of us gain a certain sharpness in the matters to which our observation is habitually drawn. You took me in at first, it is true. I thought you were a philanthropical humorist, who might have crotchets, as many benevolent men, with time on their hands and money in their pockets, are apt to form. But when it came to the begging hat (I ask your pardon—don't let me offend you)—when it came to the begging hat, I recognized the man who wants philanthropy from others, and whose crotchets are to be regarded in a professional point of view. Sir, I have come here alone, because I alone perhaps see the case as it really is. Will you confide in me? you may do it safely. To be plain, who and what are you?"

THE COMEDIAN (evasively). "What do you take me for, Mr. Mayor? What can I be other than an itinerent showman, who has had resort to a harmless stratagem in order to obtain an audience, and create a surprise that might cover the naked audacity of the 'begging hat?'"

MR. HARTOPP (gravely). "When a man of your ability and education is reduced to such stratagems, he must have committed some great faults. Pray Heaven it be no worse than faults!"

THE COMEDIAN (bitterly). "That is always the way with the prosperous. Is a man unfortunate—they say, 'Why don't he help himself?' Does he try to help himself—they say, 'With so much ability, why does not he help himself better?' Ability and education! Snares and springes, Mr. Mayor! Ability and education! the two worst man-traps that a poor fellow can put his foot into! Aha! Did not you say if you had set up to be clever, you would not be where you now are? A wise saying; I admire you for it. Well, well, I and my dog have amused your townsfolk; they have amply repaid us. We are public servants; according as we act in public—hiss us or applaud. Are we to submit to an inquisition into our private character? Are you to ask how many mutton bones has that dog stolen! how many cats has he worried! or how many shirts has the showman in his wallet! how many debts has he left behind him! what is his rent-roll on earth, and his account with heaven!—go and put those questions to ministers, philosophers, generals, poets. When they have acknowledged your right to put them, come to me and the other dog!"

MR. HARTOPP (rising and drawing on his gloves). "I beg your pardon! I have done, Sir. And yet I conceived an interest in you. It is because I have no talents myself that I admire those who have. I felt a mournful anxiety, too, for your poor little girl—so young, so engaging. And is it necessary that you should bring up that child in a course of life certainly equivocal, and to females dangerous?"

The Comedian lifted his eyes suddenly, and stared hard at the face of his visitor, and in that face there was so much of benevolent humanity—so much sweetness contending with authoritative rebuke—that the vagabond's hardihood gave way; he struck his breast and groaned aloud.

MR. HARTOPP (pressing on the advantage he had gained). "And have you no alarm for her health? Do you not see how delicate she is? Do you not see that her very talent comes from her susceptibility to emotions, which must wear her away?"

WAIFE. "No, no! stop, stop, stop! you terrify me, you break my heart. Man, man! it is all for her that I toil, and show, and beg—if you call it begging. Do you think I care what becomes of this battered hulk? Not a straw. What am I to do? What! what! You tell me to confide in you—wherefore? How can you help me? Who can help me? Would you give me employment? What am I fit for? Nothing! You could find work and bread for an Irish laborer, nor ask who or what he was; but to a man who strays toward you, seemingly from that sphere in which, if Poverty enters, she drops a courtesy, and is called 'genteel,' you cry, 'Hold, produce your passport; where are your credentials—references?' I have none. I have slipped out of the world I once moved in. I can no more appeal to those I knew in it than if I had transmigrated from one of yon stars, and said, 'See *there* what I was once!' Oh, but you do not think she looks ill!—do you? do you? Wretch that I am! And I thought to save her!"

The old man trembled from head to foot, and his cheek was as pale as ashes.

Again the good magistrate took his hand, but this time the clasp was encouraging. "Cheer up; where there is a will there is a way; you justify the opinion I formed in your favor, despite all circumstances to the contrary. When I asked you to confide in me, it was not from curiosity, but because I would serve you, if I can. Reflect on what I have said. True, you can know but little of me. Learn what is said of me by my neighbors before you trust me further. For the rest, to-morrow you will have many proposals to renew your performance. Excuse me if I do not actively encourage it. I will not, at least, interfere to your detriment; but—"

"But," exclaimed Waife, not much heeding this address—"but you think she looks ill? you think this is injuring her? you think I am murdering my grandchild—my angel of life, my all!"

"Not so; I spoke too bluntly. Yet still—"

"Yes, yes; yet still—"

"Still, if you love her so dearly, would you blunt her conscience and love of truth? Were you not an impostor to-night? Would you ask her to reverence, and imitate, and pray for an impostor?"

"I never saw it in that light!" faltered Waife, struck to the soul; "never, never, so help me Heaven!"

"I felt sure you did not," said the Mayor; "you saw but the sport of the thing; you took to it as a school-boy. I have known many such men, with high animal spirits like yours. Such men err thoughtlessly; but did they ever sin consciously, they could not keep those high spirits! Good-night, Mr. Chapman, I shall hear from you again."

The door closed on the form of the visitor; Waife's head sunk on his breast, and all the deep lines upon brow and cheek stood forth, records of mighty griefs revived—a countenance so altered, now that its innocent arch play was gone, that you would not have known it. At length he rose very quietly, took up the candle, and stole into Sophy's room. Shading the light with careful hand, he looked on her face as she slept. The smile was still upon the parted lip—the child was still in the fairy land of dreams. But the cheek was thinner than it had been weeks ago, and the little hand that rested on the coverlet seemed wasted. Waife took that hand noiselessly into his own; it was hot and dry. He dropped it with a look of unutterable fear and anguish; and shaking his head piteously, stole back again. Seating himself by the table at which he had been caught counting his gains, he folded his arms and rooted his gaze on the floor; and there, motionless, and as if in stupefied suspense of thought itself, he sate till the dawn crept over the sky—till the sun shone into the windows. The dog, crouched at his feet, sometimes started up and whined as to attract his notice: he did not heed it. The clock struck six, the house began to stir. The chambermaid came into the room; Waife rose and took his hat, brushing its nap mechanically with his sleeve. "Who did you say was the best here?" he asked with a vacant smile, touching the chambermaid's arm.

"Sir! the best—what?"

"The best doctor, ma'am—none of your parish apothecaries—the best physician—Dr. Gill—did you say Gill? Thank you; his address, High Street. Close by, ma'am." With his grand bow, such is habit!—Gentleman Waife smiled graciously, and left the room. Sir Isaac stretched himself, and followed.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The Cumberland Doctor's mention of Doncaster Races inspired Mr. Francis Goodchild with the idea of going down to Doncaster to see the races. Doncaster being a good way off, and quite out of the way of the Idle Apprentices (if any thing could be out of their way, who had no way), it necessarily followed that Francis perceived Doncaster in the race-week to be, of all possible idlenesses, the particular idleness that would completely satisfy him.

Thomas, with an enforced idleness grafted on the natural and voluntary power of his disposition, was not of this mind; objecting that a man compelled to lie on his back on a floor, a sofa, a table, a line of chairs, or any thing he could get to lie upon, was not in racing condition, and that he desired nothing better than to lie where he was, enjoying himself in looking at the flies on the ceiling. But, Francis Goodchild, who had been walking round his companion in a circuit of twelve miles for two days, and had begun to doubt whether it was reserved for him ever to be idle in his life, not only overpowered this objection, but even converted Thomas Idle to a scheme he formed (another idle inspiration), of conveying the said Thomas to the sea-coast, and putting his injured leg under a stream of salt-water.

Plunging into this happy conception headforemost, Mr. Goodchild immediately referred to the county map, and ardently discovered that the most delicious piece of sea-coast to be found within the limits of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, The Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, all summed up together, was Allonby, on the coast of Cumberland. There was the coast of Scotland opposite to Allonby, said Mr. Goodchild with enthusiasm; there was a fine Scottish mountain on that Scottish coast; there were Scottish Lights to be seen shining across the glorious Channel, and at Allonby itself there was every idle luxury (no doubt), that a watering-place could offer to the heart of idle man. Moreover, said Mr. Goodchild, with his finger on the map, this exquisite retreat was approached by a coach-road, from a railway-station called Aspatria—a name, in a manner, suggestive of the departed glories of Greece, associated with one of the most engaging and most famous of Greek women. On this point, Mr. Goodchild continued at intervals to breathe a vein of classic fancy and eloquence exceedingly irksome to Mr. Idle, until it appeared that the honest English pronunciation of that Cumberland country shortened Aspatria into "Spatter." After this supplementary discovery, Mr. Goodchild said no more about it.

By way of Spatter, the crippled Idle was carried, hoisted, pushed, poked, and packed, into and out of carriages, into and out of beds, into and out of tavern resting-places, until he was brought at length within sniff of the sea. And now, behold the apprentices gallantly riding into Allonby in a one-horse fly, bent upon staying in that peaceful marine valley until the turbulent Doncaster time shall come round upon the wheel, in its turn among what are in sporting registers called the "Fixtures" for the month.

"Do you see Allonby?" asked Thomas Idle.

"I don't see it yet," said Francis, looking out of the window.

"It must be there," said Thomas Idle.

"I don't see it," returned Francis.

"It must be there," repeated Thomas Idle, fretfully.

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Francis, drawing in his head, "I suppose this is it!"

"A watering-place," retorted Thomas Idle, with the pardonable sharpness of an invalid, "can't be five gentlemen in straw hats, on a form on one side of a door, and four ladies in hats and falls, on a form on another side of a door, and three geese in a dirty little brook before them, and a boy's legs hanging over a bridge (with a boy's body, I suppose, on the other side of the parapet), and a donkey running away. What are you talking about?"

"Allonby, gentlemen," said the most comfortable of landladies, as she opened one door of the carriage; "Allonby, gentlemen," said the most attentive of landlords, as he opened the other.

Thomas Idle yielded his arm to the ready Goodchild, and descended from the vehicle. Thomas, now just able to grope his way along, in a doubled-up condition, with the aid of two thick sticks, was no bad embodiment of Commodore Trunnion, or of one of those many gallant admirals of the stage, who have all ample fortunes, gout, thick sticks, tempers, wards, and nephews. With this distinguished naval appearance upon him, Thomas made a crab-like progress up a clean, little, bulk-headed stair-case, into a clean, little, bulk-headed room, where he slowly deposited himself on a sofa, with a stick on either hand of him, looking exceedingly grim.

"Francis," said Thomas Idle, "what do you think of this place?"

"I think," returned Mr. Goodchild, in a glowing way, "it is every thing we expected."

"Hah!" said Thomas Idle.

"There is the sea," cried Mr. Goodchild, pointing out of window; "and here," pointing to the lunch on the table, "are shrimps. Let us—" here Mr. Goodchild looked out of window, as if in search of something, and looked in again—"let us eat 'em."

The shrimps eaten and the dinner ordered, Mr. Goodchild went out to survey the watering-place. As Chorus of the Drama, without whom Thomas could make nothing of the scenery, he by-and-by returned, to have the following report screwed out of him.

In brief, it was the most delightful place ever seen.

"But," Thomas Idle asked, "where is it?"

"It's what you may call generally up and down the beach, here and there," said Mr. Goodchild, with a twist of his hand.

"Proceed," said Thomas Idle.

It was, Mr. Goodchild went on to say, in cross-examination, what you might call a primitive place. Large? No, it was not large. Who ever expected it would be large? Shape? What a question to ask! No shape. What sort of a street? Why, no street. Shops? Yes, of course (quite indignant). How many? Who ever went into a place to count the shops? Ever so many. Six? Perhaps. A library? Why, of course! (indignant again). Good collection of books? Most likely—couldn't say—had seen nothing in it but a pair of scales. Any reading-room? Of course, there was a reading-room. Where? Where! why, over there. Where was over there? Why, *there!* Let Mr. Idle carry his eye to that bit of waste ground above high-water mark, where the rank grass and loose stones were most in a litter, and he would see a sort of a long, ruinous, brick loft, next door to a ruinous brick outhouse, which loft had a ladder outside, to get up by. That was the reading-room, and if Mr. Idle didn't like the idea of a weaver's shuttle throbbing under a reading-room, that was his look-out. *He* was not to dictate, Mr. Goodchild supposed (indignant again), to the company.

"By-the-by," Thomas Idle observed, "the company?"

Well! (Mr. Goodchild went on to report) very nice company. Where were they? Why, there they were. Mr. Idle could see the tops of their hats, he supposed. What? Those nine straw hats again—five gentlemen's and four ladies'? Yes, to be sure. Mr. Goodchild hoped the company were not to be expected to wear helmets, to please Mr. Idle.

Beginning to recover his temper at about this point, Mr. Goodchild voluntarily reported that if you wanted to be primitive you could be primitive here, and that if you wanted to be idle you could be idle here. In the course of some days, he added, that there were three fishing-boats, but no rigging, and that there were plenty of fishermen who never fished. That they got their living entirely by looking at the ocean. What nourishment they looked out of it to support their strength he couldn't say, but he supposed it was some kind of iodine. The place was full of their children, who were always upside down on the public buildings (two small bridges over the brook), and always hurting themselves or one another, so that their wailings made more continual noise in the air than could have been got in a busy place. The houses people lodged in were nowhere in particular, and were in capital accordance with the beach; being all more or less cracked and damaged as its shells were, and all empty—as its shells were. Among them was an edifice of destitute appearance, with a number of wall-eyed windows in it, looking desperately out to Scotland as if for help, which said it was a bazar (and it ought to know), and where you might buy any thing you wanted—supposing what you wanted was a little camp-stool or a child's wheel-barrow. The brook crawled or stopped between the houses and the sea, and the donkey was always running away, and when he got into the brook he was pelted out with stones, which never hit him, and which always hit some of the children who were upside down on the public buildings, and made their lamentations louder. This donkey was the public excitement of Allonby, and was probably supported at the public expense.

The foregoing descriptions, delivered in separate items, on separate days of adventurous discovery, Mr. Goodchild severally wound up by looking out of window, looking in again, and saying, "But there is the sea, and here are the shrimps—let us eat 'em."

There were fine sunsets at Allonby, when the low, flat beach, with its pools of water and its dry patches, changed into long bars of silver and gold in various states of burnishing, and there were fine views—on fine days—of the Scottish coast. But when it rained at Allonby, Allonby thrown back upon its ragged self, became a kind of place which the donkey seemed to have found out, and to have his highly sagacious reasons for wishing to bolt from. Thomas Idle observed, too, that Mr. Goodchild, with a noble show of disinterestedness, became every day more ready to walk to Maryport and back, for letters; and suspicions began to harbor in the mind of Thomas that his friend deceived him, and that Maryport was a preferable place.

Therefore, Thomas said to Francis on a day when they had looked at the sea and eaten the shrimps, "My mind misgives me, Goodchild, that you go to Maryport, like the boy in the story-book, to ask *it* to be idle with you."

"Judge then," returned Francis, adopting the style of the story-book, "with what success. I go to a region which is a bit of water-side Bristol, with a slice of Wapping, a seasoning of Wolverhampton, and a garnish of Portsmouth, and I say, 'Will *you* come and be idle with me?' And it answers, 'No; for I am a great deal too vaporous, and a great deal too rusty, and a great deal too muddy, and a great deal too dirty altogether; and I have ships to load, and pitch and tar to boil, and iron to hammer, and steam to get up, and smoke to make, and stone to quarry, and fifty other disagreeable things to do, and I can't be idle with you. Then I go into jagged up-hill and down-hill streets, where I am in the pastry-cook's shop at one moment, and next moment in savage fastnesses of moor and morass, beyond the confines of civilization, and I say to those murky and black-dusky streets, 'Will *you* come and be idle with me?' To which they reply, 'No, we can't, indeed, for we haven't the spirits, and we are startled by the echo of your feet on the sharp pavement, and we have so many goods in our shop windows which nobody wants, and we have so much to do for a limited public which never comes to us to be done for, that we are altogether out of sorts, and can't enjoy ourselves with any one.' So I go to the Post-office, and knock at the shutter, and I say to the Post-master, 'Will *you* come and be idle with me?' To which he rejoins, 'No, I really can't, for I live, as you may see, in such a very little Post-office, and pass my life behind such a very little shutter, that my hand, when I put it out, is as the hand of a giant crammed through the window of a dwarf's house at a fair, and I am a mere Post-office anchorite in a cell much too small for him, and I can't get out, and I can't get in, and I have no space to be idle in, even if I would.' So, the boy," said Mr. Goodchild, concluding the tale, "comes back with the letters after all, and lives happy never afterward."

But it may, not unreasonably, be asked—while Francis Goodchild was wandering hither and thither, storing his mind with perpetual observation of men and things, and sincerely believing himself to be the laziest creature in existence all the time—how did Thomas Idle, crippled and confined to the house, contrive to get through the hours of the day?

Prone on the sofa, Thomas made no attempt to get through the hours, but passively allowed the hours to get through *him*. Where other men in his situation would have read books and improved their minds, Thomas slept and rested his body. Where other men would have pondered anxiously over their future prospects, Thomas dreamed lazily of his past life. The one solitary thing he did, which most other people would have done in his place, was to resolve on making certain alterations and improvements in his mode of existence, as soon as the effects of the misfortune that had overtaken him had all passed away. Remembering that the current of his life had hitherto oozed along in one smooth stream of laziness, occasionally troubled on the surface by a slight passing ripple of industry, his present ideas on the subject of self-reform inclined him—not as the reader may be disposed to imagine, to project schemes for a new existence of enterprise and exertion—but, on the contrary, to resolve that he would never, if he could possibly help it, be active or industrious again, throughout the whole of his future career.

It is due to Mr. Idle to relate that his mind sauntered toward this peculiar conclusion on distinct and logically-producible grounds. After reviewing, quite at his ease, and with many needful intervals of repose, the generally-placid spectacle of his past existence, he arrived at the discovery that all the great disasters which had tried his patience and equanimity in early life, had been caused by his having allowed himself to be deluded into imitating some pernicious example of activity and industry that had been set him by others. The trials to which he here alludes were three in number, and may be thus reckoned up: First, the disaster of being an unpopular and a thrashed boy at school; secondly, the disaster of falling seriously ill; thirdly, the disaster of becoming acquainted with a great bore.

The first disaster occurred after Thomas had been an idle and a popular boy at school, for some happy years. One Christmas-time, he was stimulated by the evil example of a companion, whom he had always trusted and liked, to be untrue to himself, and to try for a prize at the ensuing half-yearly examination. He did try, and he got a prize—how, he did not distinctly know at the moment, and can not remember now. No sooner, however, had the book—Moral Hints to the Young on the Value of Time—been placed in his hands than the first troubles of his life began. The idle boys deserted him, as a traitor to their cause. The industrious boys avoided him, as a dangerous interloper; one of their number, who had always won the prize on previous occasions, expressing just resentment at the invasion of his privileges by calling Thomas into the play-ground, and then and there administering to him the first sound and genuine thrashing that he had received in his life. Unpopular from that moment, as a beaten boy, who belonged to no side and was rejected by all parties, young Idle soon lost caste with his masters, as he had previously lost caste with his school-fellows. He had forfeited the comfortable reputation of being the one lazy member of the youthful community, whom it was quite hopeless to punish. Never again did he hear the head-master say reproachfully to an industrious boy who had committed a fault, "I might have expected this in Thomas Idle, but it is inexcusable, Sir, in you, who ought to know better." Never more, after winning that fatal prize, did he escape the retributive imposition, or the avenging birch. From that time the masters made him work and the boys would not let him play. From that time his social position steadily declined, and his life at school became a perpetual burden to him.

So, again, with the second disaster. While Thomas was lazy, he was a model of health. His first attempt at active exertion and his first suffering from severe illness are connected together by the intimate relations of cause and effect. Shortly after leaving school, he accompanied a party of friends to a cricket-field, in his natural and appropriate character of spectator only. On the ground it was discovered that the players fell short of the required number, and facile Thomas was persuaded to assist in making up the complement. At a certain appointed time, he was roused from peaceful slumber in a dry ditch, and placed before three wickets with a bat in his hand. Opposite to him behind three more wickets, stood one of his bosom friends, filling the situation (as he was informed) of bowler. No words can describe Mr. Idle's horror and amazement, when he saw this young man—on ordinary occasions the meekest and mildest of human beings—suddenly contract his eyebrows, compress his lips, assume the aspect of an infuriated savage, run back a few steps, then run forward, and, without the slightest previous provocation, hurl a detestably hard ball with all his might straight at Thomas's legs. Stimulated to preternatural activity of body and sharpness of eye by the instinct of self-preservation, Mr. Idle contrived, by jumping deftly aside at the right moment, and by using his bat (ridiculously narrow as it was for the purpose) as a shield, to preserve his life and limbs from the dastardly attack that had been made on both, to leave the full force of the deadly missile to strike his wicket instead of his leg; and to end the innings, so far as his side was concerned, by being immediately bowled out. Grateful for his escape he was about to return to the dry ditch, when he was peremptorily stopped, and told that the other side was "going in," and that he was expected to "field." His conception of the whole art and mystery of "fielding" may be summed up in the three words of serious advice which he privately administered to himself on that trying occasion—avoid the ball. Fortified by this sound and salutary principle, he took his own course, impervious alike to ridicule and abuse. Whenever the ball came near him, he thought of his shins, and got out of the way immediately. "Catch it!" "Stop it!" "Pitch it up!" were cries that passed by him like the idle wind that he regarded not. He ducked under it, he jumped over it, he whisked himself away from it on either side. Never once, throughout the whole innings, did he and the ball come together on any thing approaching to intimate terms. The unnatural activity of body which was necessarily called forth for the accomplishment of this result threw Thomas Idle, for the first time in his life, into a perspiration. The perspiration, in consequence of his want of practice in the management of that particular result of bodily activity, was suddenly checked; the inevitable chill succeeded; and that, in its turn, was followed by a fever. For the first time since his birth, Mr. Idle found himself confined to his bed for many weeks together, wasted and worn by a long illness, of which his own disastrous muscular exertion had been the sole first cause.

The third occasion on which Thomas found reason to reproach himself bitterly for the mistake of having attempted to be industrious, was connected with his choice of a calling in life. Having no interest in the Church, he appropriately selected the next best profession for a lazy man in England—the Bar. Although the Benchers of the Inns of Court have lately abandoned their good old principles, and oblige their students to make some show of studying, in Mr. Idle's time no such innovation as this existed. Young men who aspired to the honorable title of barrister were, very properly, not asked to learn any thing of the law, but were merely required to eat a certain number of dinners at the table of their Hall, and to pay a certain sum of money; and were called to the Bar as soon as they could prove that they had sufficiently complied with these extremely sensible regulations. Never did Thomas move more harmoniously in concert with his elders and betters than when he was qualifying himself for admission among the barristers of his native country. Never did he feel more deeply what real laziness was in all the serene majesty of its nature, than on the memorable day when he was called to the bar, after having carefully abstained from opening his law-books during his period of probation, except to fall asleep over them. How he could ever again have become industrious, even for the shortest period, after that great reward conferred upon his idleness, quite passes his comprehension. The kind benchers did every thing they could to show him the folly of exerting himself. They wrote out his probationary exercise for him, and never expected him even to take the trouble of reading it through when it was written. They invited him, with seven other choice spirits as lazy as himself, to come and be called to the bar, while they were sitting over their wine and fruit after dinner. They put his oaths of allegiance, and his dreadful official denunciations of the Pope and the Pretender so gently into his mouth, that he hardly knew how the words got there. They wheeled all their chairs softly round from the table, and sat surveying the young barristers with their backs to their bottles, rather than stand up, or adjourn to hear the exercises read. And when Mr. Idle and the seven unlaboring neophytes, ranged in order, as a class, with their backs considerately placed against a screen, had begun, in rotation, to read the exercises which they had not written, even then, each Bencher, true to the great lazy principle of the whole proceeding, stopped each neophyte before he had stammered through his first line, and bowed to him, and told him politely that he was a barrister from that moment. This was all the ceremony. It was followed by a social supper, and by the presentation, in accordance with ancient custom, of a pound of sweetmeats and a bottle of Madeira, offered in the way of needful refreshment, by each grateful neophyte to each beneficent Bencher. It may seem inconceivable that Thomas should ever have forgotten the great do-nothing principle instilled by such a ceremony as this; but it is, nevertheless, true, that certain designing students of industrious habits found him out, took advantage of his easy humor, persuaded him that it was discreditable to be a barrister and to know nothing whatever about the law, and lured him, by the force of their own evil example, into a conveyancer's chambers, to make up for lost time, and to qualify himself for practice at the Bar. After a fortnight of self-delusion, the curtain fell from his eyes; he resumed his natural character, and shut up his books. But the retribution which had hitherto always followed his little casual errors of industry followed them still. He could get away from the conveyancer's chambers, but he could not get away from one of the pupils, who had taken a fancy to him—a tall, serious, raw-boned, hard-working, disputatious pupil, with ideas of his own about reforming the Law of Real Property, who has been the scourge of Mr. Idle's existence ever since the fatal day when he fell into the mistake of attempting to study the law. Before that time his friends were all sociable idlers like himself. Since that time the burden of bearing with a hard-working young man has become part of his lot in life. Go where he will now, he can never feel certain that the raw-boned pupil is not affectionately waiting for him round a corner, to tell him a little more about the Law of Real Property. Suffer as he may under the infliction, he can never complain, for he must always remember, with unavailing regret, that he has his own thoughtless industry to thank for first exposing him to the great social calamity of knowing a bore.

These events of his past life, with the significant results that they brought about, pass drowsily through Thomas Idle's memory, while he lies alone on the sofa at Allonby and elsewhere, dreaming away the time which his fellow-apprentice gets through so actively out of doors. Remembering the lesson of laziness which his past disasters teach, and bearing in mind also the fact that he is crippled in one leg because he exerted himself to go up a mountain, when he ought to have known that his proper course of conduct was to stop at the bottom of it, he holds now, and will for the future firmly continue to hold, by his new resolution never to be industrious again, on any pretense whatever, for the rest of his life. The physical results of his accident have been related in a previous chapter. The moral results now stand on record; and with the enumeration of these, that part of the present narrative which is occupied by the Episode of The Sprained Ankle may now perhaps be considered, in all its aspects, as finished and complete.

"How do you propose that we get through this present afternoon and evening?" demanded Thomas Idle, after two or three hours of the foregoing reflections at Allonby.

Mr. Goodchild faltered, looked out of window, looked in again, and said, as he had so often said before, "There is the sea, and there are the shrimps—let us eat 'em!"

But the wise donkey was at that moment in the act of bolting; not with the irresolution of his previous efforts which had been wanting in sustained force of character, but with real vigor of purpose; shaking the dust off his mane and hind-feet at Allonby, and tearing away from it, as if he had nobly made up his mind that he would never be taken alive. At sight of this inspiring spectacle, which was visible from his sofa, Thomas Idle stretched his neck and dwelt upon it rapturously.

"Francis Goodchild," he then said, turning to his companion with a solemn air, "this is a delightful little Inn, excellently kept by the most comfortable of landladies and the most attentive of landlords, but—the donkey's right!"

The words, "There is the sea, and here are the—," again trembled on the lips of Goodchild, unaccompanied, however, by any sound.

"Let us instantly pack the portmanteaus," said Thomas Idle, "pay the bill, and order a fly out, with instructions to the driver to follow the donkey!"

Mr. Goodchild, who had only wanted encouragement to disclose the real state of his feelings, and who had been pining beneath his weary secret, now burst into tears, and confessed that he thought another day in the place would be the death of him.

So the two idle apprentices followed the donkey until the night was far advanced. Whether he was recaptured by the town-council, or is bolting at this hour through the United Kingdom, they know not. They hope he may still bolting; if so, their best wishes are with him.

It entered Mr. Idle's head, on the borders of Cumberland, that there could be no idler place to stay at, except by snatches of a few minutes each, than a railway station. "An intermediate station on a line—a junction—any thing of that sort," Thomas suggested. Mr. Goodchild approved of the idea as eccentric, and they journeyed on and on, until they came to such a station where there was an Inn.

"Here," said Thomas, "we may be luxuriously lazy; other people will travel for us, as it were, and we shall laugh at their folly."

It was a Junction-Station, where the wooden razors, beforementioned, shaved the air very often, and where the sharp electric-telegraph bell was in a very restless condition. All manner of cross-lines of rails came zigzaging into it, like a Congress of iron vipers; and, a little way out of it, a pointsman in an elevated signal-box was constantly going through the motions of drawing immense quantities of beer at a public house bar. In one direction, confused perspectives of embankments and arches were to be seen from the platform; in the other, the rails soon disentangled themselves into two tracks, and shot away under a bridge, and curved round a corner. Sidings were there, in which empty luggage-vans and cattle-boxes often butted against each other as if they couldn't agree; and warehouses were there, in which great quantities of goods seemed to have taken the vail (of the consistency of tarpaulin), and to have retired from the world without any hope of getting back to it. Refreshment-rooms were there; one, for the hungry and thirsty Iron Locomotives where their coke and water were ready, and of good quality, for they were dangerous to play tricks with; the other, for the hungry and thirsty human Locomotives, who might take what they could get, and whose chief consolation was provided in the form of three terrific urns or vases of white metal, containing nothing, each forming a breast-work for a defiant and apparently much-injured woman.

Established at this Station, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild resolved to enjoy it. But its contrasts were very violent, and there was also an infection in it.

First, as to its contrasts. They were only two, but they were Lethargy and Madness. The Station was either totally unconscious, or wildly raving. By day, in its unconscious state, it looked as if no life could come to it—as if it were all rust, dust, and ashes—as if the last train forever had gone without issuing any Return-Tickets—as if the last Engine had uttered its last shriek and burst. One awkward shave of the air from the wooden razor, and every thing changed. Tight office-doors flew open, panels yielded, books, newspapers, traveling-caps and wrappers, broke out of brick walls, money chinked, conveyances oppressed by nightmares of luggage came careering into the yard, porters started up from secret places, ditto the much-injured women, the shining bell, who lived in a little tray on stilts by himself, flew into a man's hand and clamored violently. The pointsman aloft in the signal-box made the motions of drawing, with some difficulty, hogsheads of beer. Down Train! More beer. Up Train! More beer. Cross Junction Train! More beer. Cattle Train! More beer. Goods Train! Simmering, whistling, trembling, rumbling, thundering. Trains on the whole confusion of intersecting rails, crossing one another, bumping one another, hissing one another, backing to go forward, tearing into a distance to come close. People frantic. Exiles seeking restoration to their native carriages, and banished to remoter climes. More beer and more bell. Then, in a minute, the Station relapsed into stupor as the stoker of the Cattle Train, the last to depart, went gliding out of it, wiping the long nose of the oil-can with a dirty pocket-handkerchief.

By night, in its unconscious state, the station was not so much as visible. Something in the air, like an enterprising chemist's established in business on one of the boughs of Jack's beanstalk, was all that could be discerned of it under the stars. In a moment it would break out, a constellation of gas. In another moment, twenty rival chemists, on twenty rival beanstalks, came into existence. Then, the Furies would be seen, waving their lurid torches up and down the confused perspectives of embankments and arches—would be heard, too, wailing and shrieking. Then, the Station would be full of palpitating trains, as in the day; with the heightening difference that they were not so clearly seen as in the day, whereas the station walls, starting forward under the gas, like a hippopotamus's eyes, dazzled the human locomotives with the sauce-bottle, the cheap music, the bedstead, the distorted range of buildings where the patent safes are made, the gentleman in the rain with the registered umbrella, the lady returning from the ball with the registered respirator, and all their other embellishments. And now, the human locomotives, creased as to their countenances and purblind as to their eyes, would swarm forth in a heap, addressing themselves to the mysterious urns and the much-injured women; while the iron locomotives, dripping fire and water, shed their steam about plentifully, making the dull oxen in their cages, with heads depressed, and foam hanging from their mouths as their red looks glanced fearfully at the surrounding terrors, seem as though they had been drinking at half-frozen waters and were hung with icicles. Through the same steam would be caught glimpses of their fellow-travelers, the sheep, getting their white kid faces together, away from the bars, and stuffing the interstices with trembling wool. Also, down among the wheels, of the man with the sledge-hammer, ringing the axles of the fast night-train; against whom the oxen have a misgiving that he is the man with the pole-axe who is to come by-and-by, and so the nearest of them try to back, and get a purchase for a thrust at him through the bars. Suddenly, the bell would ring, the steam would stop with one hiss and a yell, the chemists on the beanstalks would be busy, the avenging Furies would bestir themselves, the fast night-train would melt from eye and ear, the other trains going their ways more slowly would be heard faintly rattling in the distance like old-fashioned watches running down, the sauce-bottle and cheap music retired from view, even the bedstead went to bed, and there was no such visible thing as the Station to vex the cool wind in its blowing, or perhaps the autumn lightning, as it found out the iron rails.

The infection of the Station was this: When it was in its raving state, the Apprentices found it impossible to be there, without laboring under the delusion that they were in a hurry. To Mr. Goodchild, whose ideas of idleness were so imperfect, this was no unpleasant hallucination, and accordingly that gentleman went through great exertions in yielding to it, and running up and down the platform, jostling every body, under the impression that he had a highly important mission somewhere, and had not a moment to lose. But, to Thomas Idle, this contagion was so very unacceptable an incident of the situation, that he struck on the fourth day, and requested to be moved.

"This place fills me with a dreadful sensation," said Thomas, "of having something to do. Remove me, Francis."

"Where would you like to go next?" was the question of the ever-engaging Goodchild.

"I have heard there is a good old Inn at Lancaster, established in a fine old house; an Inn where they give you Bride-cake every day after dinner," said Thomas Idle. "Let us eat Bride-cake without the trouble of being married, or of knowing any body in that ridiculous dilemma."

Mr. Goodchild, with a lover's sigh, assented. They departed from the Station in a violent hurry (for which, it is unnecessary to observe, there was not the least occasion), and were delivered at the fine old house at Lancaster on the same night.

It is Mr. Goodchild's opinion, that if a visitor on his arrival at Lancaster could be accommodated with a pole which would push the opposite side of the street some yards farther off, it would be better for all parties. Protesting against being required to live in a trench, and obliged to speculate all day upon what the people can possibly be doing within a mysterious opposite window, which is a shop-window to look at, but not a shop-window in respect of its offering nothing for sale and declining to give any account whatever of itself, Mr. Goodchild concedes Lancaster to be a pleasant place. A place dropped in the midst of a charming landscape, a place with a fine ancient fragment of castle, a place of lovely walks, a place possessing staid old houses richly fitted with old Honduras mahogony, which has grown so dark with time that it seems to have got something of a retrospective mirror-quality into itself, and to show the visitor, in the depths of its grain, through all its polish, the hue of the wretched slaves who groaned long ago under old Lancaster merchants. And Mr. Goodchild adds that the stones of Lancaster do sometimes whisper, even yet, of rich men passed away—upon whose great prosperity some of these old door-ways frowned sullen in the brightest weather—that their slave-gain turned to curses, as the Arabian Wizard's money turned to leaves, and that no good ever came of it, even unto the third and fourth generations, until it was wasted and gone.

It was a gallant sight to behold, the Sunday procession of the Lancaster elders to Church—all in black, and looking fearfully like a funeral without the Body—under the escort of Three Beadles.

"Think," said Francis, as he stood at the Inn window, admiring, "of being taken to the sacred edifice by three Beadles! I have, in my early time, been taken out of it by one Beadle; but, to be taken into it by three; O Thomas, is a distinction I shall never enjoy!"

MATRIMONIAL MANAGEMENT.

HOW *NOT* TO DO IT.

SCENE—*A Temple of Domestic Bliss, commonly called "a brown-stone front," situated somewhere in Upper-Tendom.* TIME—*Sundown.*

Mrs. A., in an unpleasing *negligé*, awaiting impatiently the return of her husband. *Enter Mr. A.*

Mrs. A. Well, here you are at last! About three quarters of an hour after your time! Every thing spoiled, dinner not fit to be eaten, all for want of a little punctuality.

Mr. A. looks indignant.

Mrs. A. (*softening*). Well, you know, dear, you *are* very unpunctual; you needn't deny it. [Attempts a caress, to which the unpunctual husband scarcely submits with propriety.] And it always *does* happen that when *I* wish you to be particularly early, *you* manage to be particularly late. And I ordered dinner an hour sooner than usual, too, thinking you might surely get home early such times as these—nothing doing; but no, you're later than ever. And the fact is, my dear, that Mrs. Jones called in this morning, and wants us to go round there and spend the evening; she wishes me particularly to meet the Smiths to-night. Won't you go? And I've been waiting all this time to dress myself! Say, will you go?

Mr. A. (*with gloomy abstraction*). I've something else to think about, Mrs. A., besides calling on Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. A. Why, what on earth's the matter? You look as if I don't know what had happened! Do tell me, my dear, what it really is. Has any one else failed that owes you money? Pray, do speak!

Mr. A. Don't bother me, my dear. Women don't understand business. Don't worry me *now!*

Mrs. A. (*whining*). I'm sure I don't mean to worry you, but you really might as well say what it is; or, at any rate, don't be so cross!

Indignant Husband. Cross! Well, that's good! Cross! Who's cross, I should like to know, just because the dinner was ready before the proper time? And if the dinner *was* kept waiting, why the —— isn't it taken up now, eh? Am I to be kept waiting half an hour in *my* turn, eh? Order the dinner, if you must talk, and don't chatter so much about nothing!

Mrs. A. But you haven't said whether you'll go to the Joneses?

Mr. A. Hang the Joneses! *Will* you let us have dinner?

The meal is served.

Irritable husband devours it in grim silence, longing to speak, but too dignified to break his own orders.

Abashed wife sits down to it in sadness.

Dinner over, the gentleman draws the easiest chair under the extension gas-pipe, and prepares to read.

Mrs. A. (*leaning over him timidly*). But how about going to the Joneses to-night, my dear?

Mr. A. The Joneses may go to blazes, my love!

[*Exit lady, in tears.*

They do *not* go to the Joneses.

HOW *TO* DO IT.

SCENE—*Ditto, ditto.* TIME—*ditto.*

Mrs. B., in a neat and becoming toilet, hair *bien soigné*, dress fresh and well made, also awaiting the return of *her* husband.

Dear me, I'm afraid the dinner will be ruined! Oh, these unpunctual people!

Enter Mr. B., gloomy, and "out of sorts."

Mrs. B. (*cheerfully*). Well, here you are! Did you walk up this evening? What lovely weather!

Mr. B. (*morosely*). Who cares about the weather in these times!

Mrs. B. No worse news down town, I hope?

Mr. B. Don't you call it bad news when things are no better? I do. What we're all coming to, Heaven only knows; that's all I can say. Why the deuce don't we have dinner? Doesn't that confounded cook of yours know I'm waiting?

Mrs. B. It's all ready, my dear, your favorite dinner too, so let us go in at once. [Thereupon the masculine jaws begin to act, and the feminine tongue to accompany them.] Seen any one particular down town to-day? No one! and every body just as gloomy as ever, eh? (Have some more soup, you generally like it very much!) Mr. C. was here this afternoon; says his brother is still very ill, poor fellow! They think of sending him down South (Let me give you some lamb!); and Mrs. Jones called also, and gave me the queerest account of Emma and young Snooks. She always laughed at him, you know; and Charley Snooks would never believe she didn't like him; and he came one morning resolved to propose to her, and in the midst of it who should call but his mother! and she wouldn't wait to hear that he wasn't accepted, but made a perfect scene; and Charley looked so sheepish, knowing the true state of the case, and Emma was so dramatic, and Mrs. Snooks talked so loud (you know her ways), and it was altogether the richest scene. (Won't you try these patties?) And the Smiths were all there, on a visit from the country. In fact, they are there now; and want to see you before they go back. (Do have some of this pudding, cabinet pudding, I think you'll like it!) Mrs. Jones says Joe Smith is quite altered since he's been to Europe. He has brought home whole cargoes of beautiful things, pretty knick-knacks, and some fine casts, and a quantity of splendid engravings. Mrs. Smith was wishing to see her "old flame," Mrs. Jones said.

Mr. B. Humph! Old flame, indeed! Old enough, I dare say, if she means me!

Mrs. B. And she says they will be at home this evening if you were inclined to go round there. I think we ought to call before they leave the city. Joe Smith wants you to see some of these things before they are sent off to their place. (Some more claret?)

Mr. B. We'll think about it by-and-by, my dear. Hand me that sauce if you please.

Under the influence of a satisfactory meal Jupiter lays aside his thunder. By the time he leaves the table the marital brow is serene.

Domestic Tactician seats herself beside Domestic Tyrant, and gives way to affection. They consecrate a few moments to mutual admiration and endearment.

Tyrant. How well you look to-night, my love, quite handsome I may say. It's that gown, I suppose; is it new?

New, oh dear me, no, a new gown in these times! Upon my word I wish it were! No, it's only my old one turned, and newly done up.

That's my economical darling! (an osculatory salutation is distinctly audible.)

Well, then, if it isn't the gown it must be the way your hair is done; quite becoming, my dear.

Oh, it's done that way sometimes to go under a bonnet; in case you should be inclined to go to the Joneses this evening, you know, dear!

The Joneses!—Oh! ah! yes!—I forgot; what a bore! Well, presently, perhaps. Let's see what time it is.

It's a little after seven. They are early people, you must recollect, love, and if you *should* get looking over those engravings, it would take some time. So if you don't mind, I'll go up stairs and begin putting on my shawl and hat—I shall not hurry, so you can stretch your legs a little, if you choose.

[*Exit lady, radiant.*

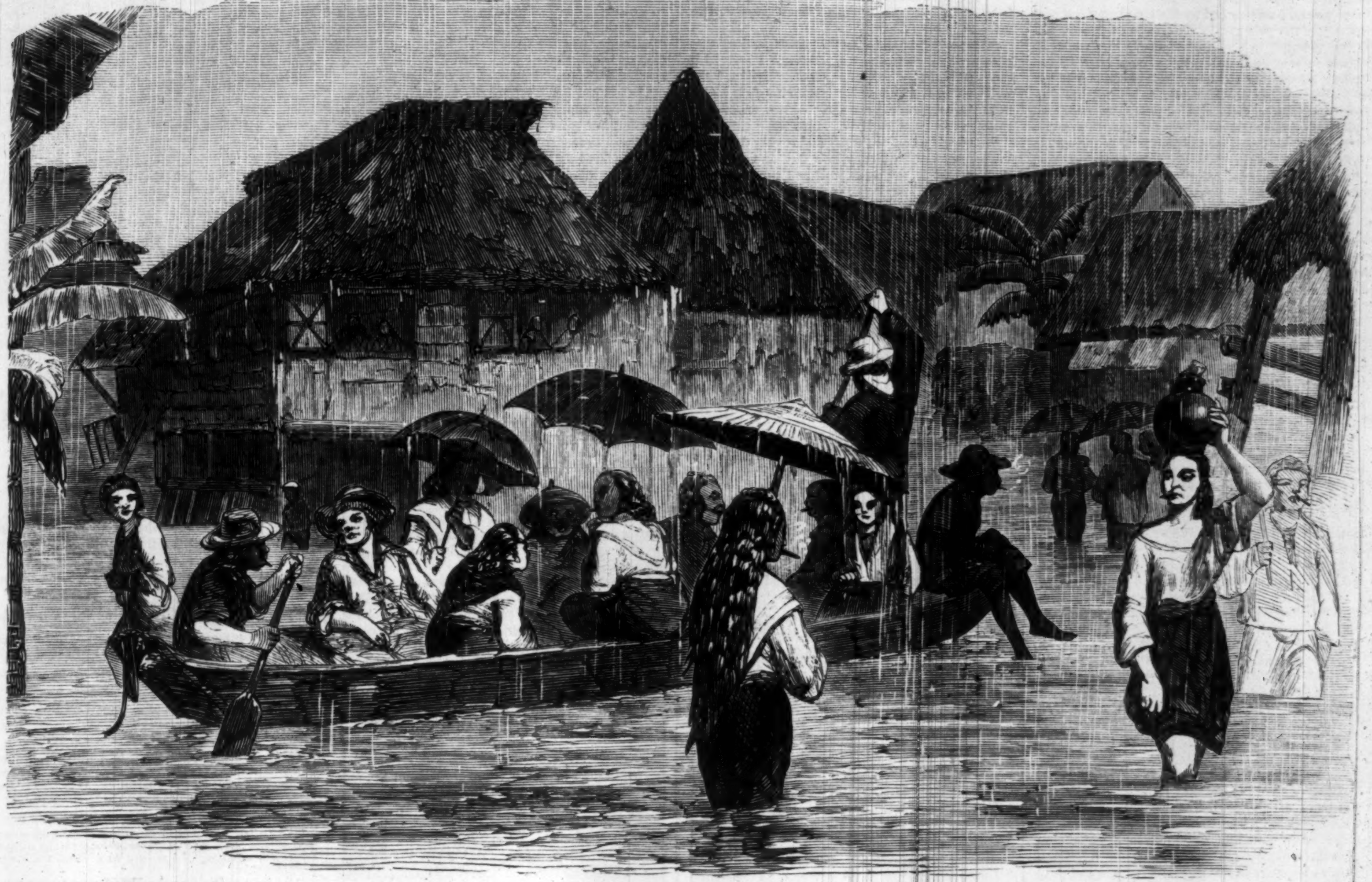
They *do* go to the Joneses.

FEMALE LIFE IN MANILLA.

OUR illustrations this week represent two features of female life in the town of Manilla, of which we gave some sketches a fortnight since. When it rains—which it occasionally does even at Manilla—the streets become flooded; people move about, as at Venice, in boats; and the poor trudge through the water as complacently as our New York belles wade through the mud, though with this difference, that, whereas the latter avail themselves of their extremities of embarrassment to exhibit a beautifully-turned ankle and a pretty *bottine*, the exhibitions of the former are devoted to a much higher sphere. Our second illustration represents the Chinese nurses on the promenade at Manilla taking their babies out an airing. Both pictures are characteristic and telling.

There was, not long since, a Manilla girl in New York. Her story was singular, and in some respects affecting. Three or four years ago an American ship lay for several weeks in the port of Manilla. Her captain was treated as well as usual by his consignees, and being an agreeable, good-looking, cheerful fellow, he became a favorite in the society to which the merchants belonged. During his brief stay no one had more invitations to balls, and parties, and cock-fights, than Captain N——, of the good ship *S*——.

Like most votaries of Neptune, he was a susceptible man. He fell in love, or at least pretended to do so. One morning he noticed a young girl cross the street opposite his boarding-house. It had rained heavily, and the appearance of the street corresponded with that depicted in our illustration; the fair traveler was careful—as became a prudent young person—not to wet her clothes. Our captain had never seen so lovely a creature; he accosted her, was sharply rebuffed, insisted on making acquaintance, was flatly refused, obtained an introduction, and, at length, was received in the house of the young lady's father (a dry-goods dealer in a small way) on the footing of a lover. He staid in Manilla long enough to gain her too susceptible heart. Juanita learned to know that the United States were a republic, and the greatest country in the world; which, as she often assured her lover, she had little difficulty in believing, if all the men resembled her Charles. Such evenings of delightful happiness as she spent on the promenade, clinging to the arm of her stalwart admirer, and listening to his rapturous praises of America, and hoping, in her fond, simple way, that the time was not far distant when she would realize the happiness of living under a government



STREET IN MANILLA AFTER A SHOWER.

which "Charles" assured her was the sum and end of human wisdom!

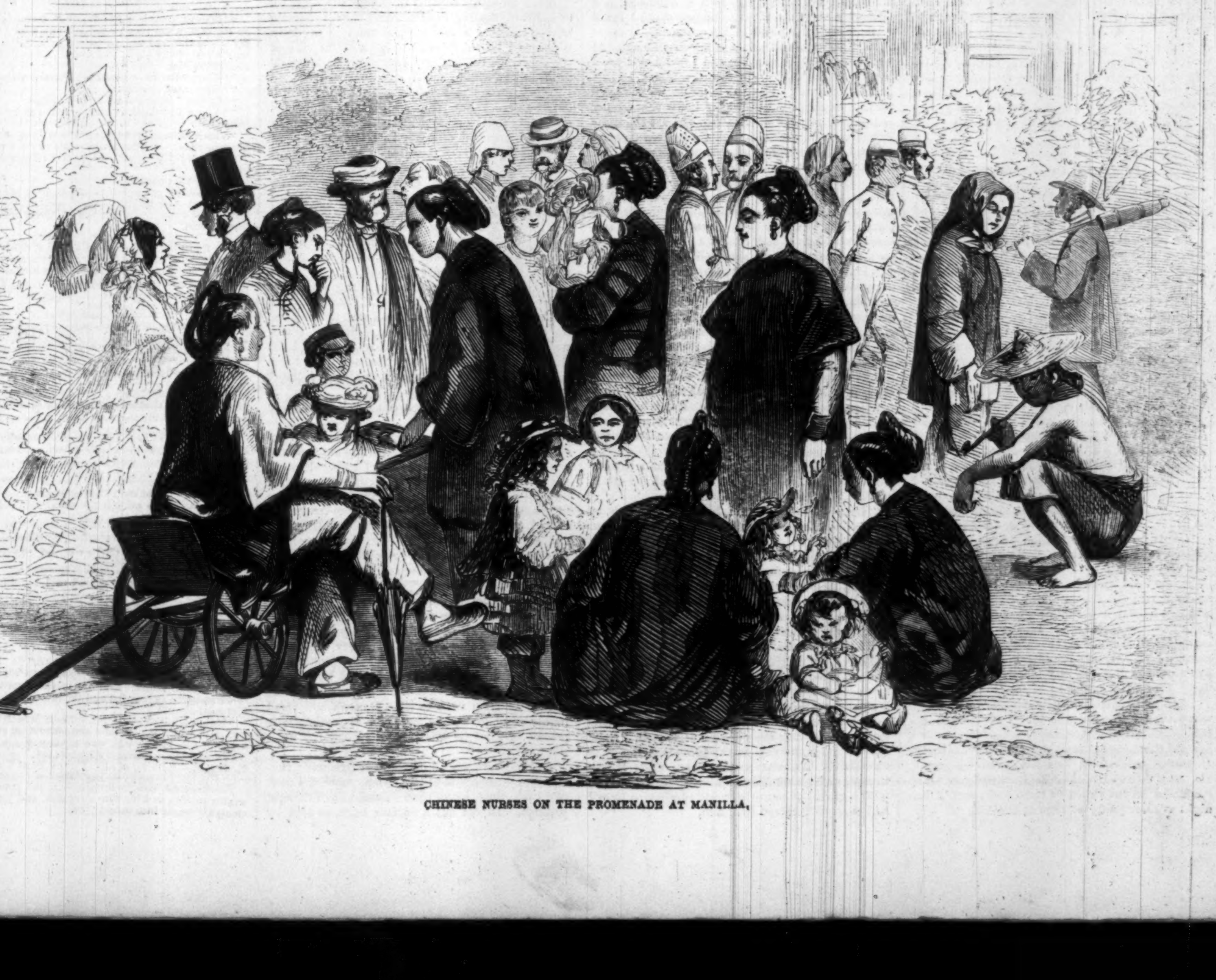
Alas! the time came for the *S*—— to sail, and, as the sagacious reader may have surmised, Captain N—— paid a long and affectionate visit to Juanita, made an infinite number of promises, swore an infinite number of oaths, and— hoisted sail, and thought no more of the dark-eyed maiden who had given him her heart.

She expected him to write from Singapore, where he was to touch. She expected to hear from St. Helena. She was satisfied he would write the very day he landed in America. But not only did no word come from the way-side stations, but six months elapsed after the arrival of the *S*—— in the United States, and not a line reached Juanita. Her heart would have broken but for the intensity of her faith. "Charles," she reasoned with herself, has arrived home ill. He is alone, on a bed of suffering, with no one to tend him who loves him. He is pining and wasting away in miserable solitude. Every day he thinks of me, and cries that I am not by his side. Perhaps he is helpless, bedridden, a cripple!

Thus reasoning in her girl's mind, overwhelmed by sympathy for her lover's supposed misery, she departed from Manilla for New York about the time that Captain N——, whose constitution was somewhat impaired by excesses in which he had indulged on shore, was setting sail for Hong Kong. She arrived here alone and almost penniless. Poor child! the necessity of having money with her had not occurred to her.

We have all read the pathetic story of the Saracen lady who followed the father of Thomas a Becket from Palestine; who, knowing but two English words—London and Gilbert (her lover's name)—went about the streets of London in her Saracen dress crying Gilbert! Gilbert! in plaintive monotone, till worthy Gilbert a Becket heard the strange sound, and, moved by the spectacle, bore his faithful mistress to his house, and made her an English wife. The poor exile from Manilla was in almost as piteous a plight. She remembered the name of the vessel of which "Charles" was captain, and a kind fellow-passenger volunteered to help her find it. On arrival he set himself to the task, and soon discovered that the *S*——, with Captain N—— on board, was, at that moment of time, in all probability in or about the harbor of Victoria, Hong Kong. With the precautions which delicacy suggested, he broke the sad truth to Juanita.

She never cried or bewailed herself. She asked —Had he been sick? And being told that his health had not, on the whole, been as good as usual, she declared, with a sad smile, that she had guessed the truth, and that if his friends but knew all, they would be aware that his sole motive for sailing to Hong Kong was to have an opportunity of going to Manilla and meeting her whom he



CHINESE NURSES ON THE PROMENADE AT MANILLA.

loved so well. The consignee, one of our first merchants, was touched by the simplicity and constancy of the poor girl. He tried, in a gentle, delicate manner, to shake her faith in one whom he knew to be a good sailor, but a most unprincipled man; but finding that Juanita's confidence in her Charles was too deeply rooted to be disturbed by any suggestions from a third party, he contented himself by mentally resolving, for once, to sacrifice business considerations to feelings of honor, and to get rid of Captain N—— as soon as he returned home. He likewise offered Juanita a home in his family. It would be gratifying, did delicacy permit, to mention here the name of this large-hearted merchant; suffice it to say, that he is one whose name has invariably been coupled with great enterprises and noble designs. He took Juanita to his house, and introduced her to his family. His daughters were kept in ignorance of her secret; but she, though she had been cautioned to keep her own counsel, was too full of her soul-absorbing love to converse upon any other subject. It was soon known among the young ladies who frequented No. —, —th Street, that the beautiful foreigner who was staying with the ——s was desperately in love with a handsome American, who had gone to Manilla to meet her, while she had come here to meet him. With the sympathy natural to young girls, the ladies of that circle felt as much interested in her little drama as Juanita herself.

She was nearly a month here. During that time her gentleness and freedom from selfishness won every heart. She moved in society with an innate propriety and ladylike demeanor, which but few of our fashionable women can acquire even with the utmost study. Had not her love affair been notorious she would have had several offers.

Within the month a vessel started for Manilla. The kind-hearted merchant secured her a passage. She left in high spirits, the only drawback to her happiness, as she told her New York friends, being her apprehensions lest poor "Charles" should be lying ill in Manilla without her care to smooth his pillow.

The remainder of the story is easily told. On her arrival at Manilla she learned that "Charles" had not been there. She went to Hong Kong. There she heard that Captain N—— had left that port a few weeks before for the United States, bearing with him his newly-married wife, the daughter of an English merchant at Victoria. Juanita returned home, and died within the month.

So much romance, so much independence of character distinguish the girls of Manilla, that—to pass from grand things to things base and practical—they make bad servants. Foreign residents invariably hire Chinese servants. They are to be had at the servant-merchants' at very reasonable prices, and, as a general rule, they are better than the servants one is obliged to hire in this meridian. Chinese women have no souls—at least this is the belief of the Chinese people; and being thus placed on the same level as the brute creation, they neither demand nor expect any higher consideration. So long as they are fed adequately, and paid enough money to clothe themselves, the Chinese nurses discharge their duties, as a general rule, with admirable fidelity. Of latter years, the practice of buying servants has prevailed at Manilla, Macao, and the neighboring ports. In the interior of the provinces surrounding Canton poor Chinamen are in the habit of selling their children. Boys and girls of the ages of ten and twelve can be "laid down" at Canton, it is said, at from $3 to $5 a head; at Macao and Manilla the same article commands $10 to $12. A merchant, therefore, who intends to reside permanently at these places can afford to buy a couple of female children, to train them as nurses, and to keep them in his family till they are able to fulfill the duties of the post. The girls depicted in our illustration are most of them of this class. When they are treated kindly they are said to prove most excellent servants.

MY LAST CONQUEST.

THE season at Newport was over, and I had returned to the city satiated with admiration, and sick of being a belle. At first I thought I should enjoy a period of rest and quiet; but after two days I began to be terribly bored, and the third morning after my arrival I fell into the following reverie:

"This is the end of my second season, and mamma says it is time for me to get married. Horrid idea! I can not bear to contemplate it! And besides, who, among all my admirers, is there whom I could make up my mind to marry? Bah! not one! Let me look over the list for this summer. There is George Forsyth, whom I began with at Niagara, but then he was so awfully spoony that he offered himself to me, at the end of a week, at the West Point ball. Next came Cadet Stephenson, whose good figure I admired a little. To be sure, he did waltz divinely, but then he was only a boy; and not much harm done there. Jack Flynn, whom I would know at Saratoga (to mamma's horror) just because he was so smart, *was* rather coarse, and had red hands; and Tom Scarecrow was too ugly. As for Tiffins, he was a horrid snob. Sims Congreve, whom I rode with so much at Newport, certainly was very handsome, and I think that last moonlight ride I did let him kiss my hand; but then an officer would not do. Besides, I thought at the last hop he was a little tight, and I never could tolerate a man whom I had once seen in that contemptible situation. So that closes my list. Get married! No, Venus permitting, not this many a gay season! But the city is horribly warm and dusty yet! Ho, hum!"

I had just concluded my meditations with a sigh when a letter was brought in. I saw it was in a lady's hand; and as I consider ladies' letters, as a general thing, rather insipid, I opened it listlessly. It proved to be from Ella Ringwood—a pretty, blue-eyed friend and old school-mate of mine—and contained an invitation to come and spend a fortnight at their pretty cottage at Seafort.

"The very thing!" I exclaimed. "September is lovely in the country, and I know papa will let me go."

Sure enough he and mamma gave a good-natured consent; and the following afternoon I arrived in the pretty village of Seafort, and received a warm welcome from Ella and her mother to their lovely little rose-embowered cottage. When we had got through the usual inquiries, Ella said,

"I hope, Laura, you won't find it very dull here. We expect Cousin Henry in a day or two, and I shall try to amuse you as well as I can."

"I am sure I shall find it delightful, dear," said I. "But who is Cousin Henry?"

"Oh, Cousin Henry Ringwood, you know. He has just returned from abroad, and is coming here before he goes to take possession of the old family place on the Hudson, which has fallen to him since his father's death, last year. But come, now, and let me show you my pets."

So saying, she led me off to see Bey, her big dog, and Rollo, her little pony, as first on the list; and afterward, her cat, her gold-fish, her canary-birds, and her chickens; for Ella and her mother had a passion for pets, and were, consequently, always being victimized by some rude dog or forlorn cat, whom they had completely spoiled by a course of over-petting.

The following afternoon, as I was lounging on a couch in front of the window of my room, which commanded a view of the gate, I heard it open, and, raising my eyes, saw a tall, fine-looking young man coming up the walk. In a moment Ella flew out of the house, and throwing her arms around his neck, gave him two or three hearty kisses, saying,

"Oh, Cousin Henry, I am so glad to see you again!"

"I am glad to see you, too, dear Ella," said he. "It is pleasant to be back in old Seafort once more."

"How delighted mother will be to have you here!" said Ella, taking his arm, and leading him toward the house; "and, by-the-way, Henry," added she, "Laura Duncan is staying with us. You know she is an old friend of mine, and I hope you will like her."

At these words I noticed a shade on the young man's face, as he said,

"Any friend of yours, my dear Ella, I shall try to like, but Laura Duncan is a belle, I have heard, and I have a horror of your dashing city belles. But here comes Aunty!"

He ran forward to the house with Ella, and I turned back to the novel which I was listlessly perusing. Still, as I dressed for tea, I mentally determined that he should at least *like* me, if I could not succeed in exciting a warmer feeling, to punish him for his avowed dislike to the class of belles, among whom he had been kind enough to number me.

I went down to the pretty parlor, and was formally presented to Mr. Henry Ringwood, of Oak Cliff. I saw him look at me with the careless and almost supercilious admiration one would give a fine piece of wax-work, nor could I make him change his manner, notwithstanding I laid aside all of the "dashing belle," and took up so much of the timid woman as almost to make me seem as simple a country-girl as Ella herself.

I retired early, for I saw that Mrs. Ringwood and Ella felt for Henry the affection of a mother and sister, and I knew they must have much to talk of, but after I went up stairs I could not help thinking I had hardly ever seen so handsome and elegant a man as Henry Ringwood, and I fell asleep fully determined on his conquest.

How to accomplish it was my first thought on waking, and as the day passed I found this problem one more difficult of solution than I at first had any idea of. I soon laid aside my assumed naïveté of the night before, as I saw that by my natural manner I won from him at least the same indifferent admiration that my first appearance had excited. I therefore strove to outdo myself, and succeeded so far as to dazzle one or two village folk who called, but the impassible Henry was still careless and cold, replying to every smart sally of mine with something even more sparklingly brilliant on his own part. I became in a day or two fascinated with the task I had set myself, and more than ever bent upon its accomplishment.

"If I could only find out what he *does* admire in a woman!" I thought one day, as Ella and I took our seats in her pony wagon, with Henry as charioteer; "for he certainly feels for Ella only the mild affection of a brother, and I have never heard him speak in terms of enthusiastic admiration of any other lady."

The afternoon was delightful, and we drove on through a lovely road deeply shaded with overhanging trees. Just as we were all laughing merrily, the sound of an approaching railroad train checked our mirth, for the track was but a few rods before us.

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Ella, who suddenly turned very pale; "Oh! let us get out. I am so afraid Rollo will behave badly."

"Nonsense! Ella," said Henry; "there is no danger. Rollo won't mind the cars; he sees them every day."

This assurance, which quieted my own apprehensions, had no effect on Ella.

"Oh, I am sure he will upset the wagon! Oh, do stop! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; and the moment that Henry pulled up, Ella, with an activity I had hardly thought her mistress of, climbed out of the back of the wagon, and ran to a neighboring tree, which she leaned against, pale and trembling, expecting, no doubt, to see us dashed to pieces. Henry did not notice her flight, as, just as it was accomplished, the train came thundering by, with its long track of smoke and dust polluting the pure air of heaven. Rollo stood quite unmoved, notwithstanding the rush and noise. As soon as they were past, Henry turned, and seeing Ella gone, said, looking at me with a glance of more heartfelt admiration than I had ever yet received from him,

"Well, Miss Laura, I am glad you are not quite so great a coward as my sweet cousin, for if there is any thing I detest in a woman, it is that want of courage, which I have so far found a universal characteristic of your sex. But Ella looks really sick with fright. I must go to the poor thing."

He jumped lightly from the wagon, and helped her in very kindly, rallying her gently on believing that her good pony, who saw the cars every day, was so foolish as still to fear them.

I pondered on Henry's words, and fancied I had the key to his coldness toward me: he had a contempt for all of my sex, as wanting in the courage without which, I afterward heard him say, he believed it was impossible for any character to be perfect. Entertaining this opinion, he, of course, regarded all women as mere playthings; and, indeed, he openly avowed that he had never yet seen one whom he thought he could like as a life-companion.

Now I knew that I was no coward, and I found myself absolutely longing for something to occur, no matter how dangerous, to prove my courage.

The following day a horseback ride was proposed. I insisted upon Ella's riding Rollo, as I knew she was but a timid horsewoman, and requested Henry Ringwood to procure me a horse from the village livery-stable, where he got his own. It was but a sorry steed, I saw when I mounted, but I was so accustomed to riding that I never felt any fear when in the saddle, no matter how ill-mounted I might be.

It was a lovely morning, and we were returning from a very pleasant ten miles' ride, when, just as we were crossing a patch of rough stones, my horse stumbled, and, after a convulsive effort to get up, fell heavily forward. As he fell, I sprang off, still holding the bridle. In a moment Henry Ringwood was by me and threw his arm around me. I was, however, neither frightened nor hurt, and therefore drew back with a smile, saying, gayly,

"Thank you, Mr. Ringwood, but I do not require any help except to remount, if you think old Rosinanté will carry me home after his tumble."

"By Jove, Miss Laura!" exclaimed Henry, heartily, "you are the pluckiest woman I ever saw."

"Not at all," said I; "there was no occasion for fright; I saw the horse could not get up, and therefore jumped off. I will now jump on again, if you please."

He helped me into the saddle and we rode slowly home. Ella's expressions of wonder and admiration knew no bounds, and I felt very happy and exultant as I caught Henry's occasional looks of undisguised admiration; and when, on our arrival at the cottage, I heard him say to Mrs. Ringwood, "Why, Aunt, she never even changed color, but smiled all the while; she must have a brave heart," I felt that I should have been rewarded if I had broken my neck.

From that day I was evidently a different person to Henry Ringwood. He sought my society constantly; we were always together; and the days glided by I hardly knew how—each one happier than the last.

A week had passed, and there was to be a party at the house of a friend of Ella's. I was to go; and after lingering on the piazza chatting with Henry as late as possible, I ran up to my room to make a hasty toilet, thinking I had never seen so tender a light in his dark eyes as then, and asking myself for the thousandth time, "Does he love me?"

A few moments sufficed to change my dress for one of thin, floating muslin, and I stood before the mirror twisting a few natural roses in my hair, when, as I leaned forward to get a better view of the effect, the ruffle of lace around my neck caught fire from the candle, which stood on the table. I snatched up a handkerchief and tried to crush it out, but the yellow flames curled up all around my hand, and I saw that my whole sleeve was on fire. Oh moment of agony! I felt the pain of the burning flesh; but worse, a thousand times worse, came the horrible thought—I am either to be burned to death or dreadfully disfigured for life! Yet even then my presence of mind did not desert me. The window and door were both open, and I knew if I stepped into the draught it would be impossible to save me. I glanced hurriedly around the room for help, at the same time calling wildly, "Fire! fire! fire!"

My distracted gaze fell upon a rug which lay under a heavy table by my side. I threw myself on the floor, and with a strength that nothing but the energy of despair could give, I dragged it out, wrapped it over my shoulder, and smothered the flames. Then I heard hasty footsteps, and felt a pair of strong arms around me, and heard Henry's voice saying,

"My own Laura—my noble girl! thank God you are safe now!"

Then Mrs. Ringwood and Ella came in. I clasped my hands on my face and strove to suppress the cries which I feared the agony I endured might wring from me. They hastily cut off my dress, and as the flimsy muslin fell away, baring the poor scorched shoulder, I heard a deep groan. I looked up at this and saw Henry standing near me, his hands clasped together, and as pale as marble. His aunt, too, now saw him, for she said,

"Go, Henry, this is no place for you; you had better run for the doctor."

They laid me on the bed. The physician soon made his appearance and dressed the wound, and then I was left alone with only gentle Ella sitting by me and holding my hand. Every one knows the anguish of a fresh burn; and yet, even through those long hours of suffering, I could have borne pain twice as severe without a murmur for the sake of hearing from time to time Henry's whispered inquiries as to my welfare, and his enthusiastic praises of what he was pleased to call my fortitude.

As the hours passed on the pain gradually subsided, and toward morning I slept; and the next day I felt much better than I should have thought possible. It was but a surface burn, so that by the evening I was able to come down stairs, and lie on the sofa, with my arm in a sling. I lay there very happy, with Henry watching every look with jealous care, while Mrs. Ringwood and Ella quite spoiled me with petting.

Two days after I was able to wear a dress; and except for a slight lameness in my left arm, I felt as well as ever. It was a lovely evening, and we all sat as usual on the piazza. At last Mrs. Ringwood and Ella went out to call on a friend who had just arrived in the village, and Henry and I were left alone. For some moments we sat silently enjoying the beauty of the moonlight; then I turned toward Henry to call his attention to the effect of light and shade on the village green before us. His gaze met mine with a passionate earnestness that thrilled my very soul, and checked the words upon my lips. He gently took my hand—I seemed powerless to resist, as he drew me toward him, saying,

"Laura, I have sought the world over for a brave heart; and now that I have at last found it, may I not claim it for my own?"

What need to give my answer? Sufficient to say, that when I returned to the city Henry accompanied me to ask my parents' consent to our union—and there is nothing in this world of which I am so proud as my last conquest.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

SOME time ago one of the Cunard steamers got on the rocks near Halifax on her homeward passage, and put into that port for repairs. An examination showed that she was still sea-worthy, and the Captain resolved to proceed at once for Liverpool. During a conversation some one remarked that many of the passengers would have remained at Halifax, but they were not allowed time to get their baggage out of the steamer's hold.

"I would have let my baggage go to h—," remarked a by-stander.

"Yes," responded another, "you might have done that safely, for you would have found it again."

Full as neat, but no truer than the above, is the following:

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead; "and, of course," added the gentleman, "his business will go to the devil."

"Oh, then, he'll get it again," said the wit.

A poor emaciated Irishman having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster and clapped it on the poor fellow. Pat said, "Doc-ther, dear, it strikes me that it's a dale of mustard *for so little mate!*"

"Can a body *eat* with these things?" asks an elderly lady who is handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist describes them.

"My dear madam," responds the dentist, "mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself."

"Yes, I know," replied the female; "but can a body *eat* with 'em?"

I saw a damsel holding by a string
 A little puppy, who, disposed to stray,
Checked at restraint, and made a frequent spring,
 In effort vain to tear himself away.
But yet the more he strove the more he choked,
 Until he deemed his conduct wouldn't pay,
And moved along as though he were provoked,
 And held his head down in a sullen way.
My soul was touched the emblem thus to see
 Of life's too frequent scenes, where, day by day,
Strings clog the spirit's elasticity,
 And kill the willingness that would obey—
Men, like the puppy, follow at a word,
But, try to drag them, and their dander's stirred.

Townsend S. Glover, of the Patent Office at Washington, who is traveling through the South to examine into the diseases of the cotton plant, was recently enlightened in regard to a new species of cotton in a manner thus described by the Memphis correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

"He was traveling, a few days ago, from Holly Springs on the cars, when they passed through a section of country where the land was entirely sterile, the cotton being only a few inches high. An overseer was sitting on the seat before him.

"'Why, what do you call this?' asked Glover.

"'Why, that's cotton.'

"'Cotton?' he asked again, in surprise.

"'Yes, a new kind of cotton sent out by the Patent Office.'

"This was a matter of interest to Glover, so he opened his eyes wider. 'What is the name of the cotton?'

"'The *bumble-bee* cotton,' quietly remarked his companion.

"'Why that name?'

"'Because it grows so small a bumble-bee kin set on his tail and suck all the blossoms without moving.' All hands broke into a loud laugh, and Glover acknowledged himself sold."

The following postscript to a letter received by the editor of the Mariposa *Gazette* gives unquestionable evidence of the great drought prevailing in Merced: "Lager is very scarce, and the dust very deep. The inhabitants here use whisky as a beverage, the water being used for agricultural purposes."

Visitors at Niagara Falls will remember a stair-case on the west side of Goat Island, called Biddle Stair-case. Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called by that name. "Why," said the wicked wag, "because it wound up the bank to be sure."

There is a lady Down East so high-minded that she disdains to own that she has common sense. There are a great many of the same sort in New York.

There is said to be a fellow in this city who is habitually so sleepy that his curiosity can not be awakened. Such is not the case with his wife, however.

A charity sermon was once commenced by the Dean of St. Paul's as follows: "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human natures; A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him."

It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

"You've no wife, I believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbor.

"No, Sir," was the reply, "I never was married."

"Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy dog!"

A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said,

"You have a wife, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir—a wife and three children."

"Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man!"

"Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to the unmarried and the married seem to conflict somewhat!"

"Not at all—not at all, Sir. There is a difference in my statement. Please be more observing, Sir. I said the man who had no wife was a "happy *dog*," and the man who had a wife was "a happy *man*." Nothing conflicting, Sir—nothing at all. I know what I say, Sir!"

The happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

ONE WHO CLEARLY KNOWS HIMSELF.—A celebrated modern philosopher, who was asked, "What is a Man?" answered quite naïvely, "Why, a man is a very stupid animal; at least judging, as far as one can, from one's self."

A FRESH-WATER NAVY.—The Prussian Government has issued a proclamation, in which it humanely recommends all sailors employed in the Prussian navy to take, before going to sea, five or six drops of chloroform, in a wine-glassful of barley water, as it is considered an admirable preventive against the horrors of sea-sickness.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEGRAM.

(By a Modern Greek.)

Here is a bother, here's a to-do,
About using one letter instead of two!
And why are the Greeks to teach us to call
A thing the spalpeens niver heard of at all?
(Unless you suppose the spark in the wire
Was known to them by the name of Greek Fire).
End it with Phi, or end it with Mu,
What does it signify which you do?
End it with Mu, or end it with Phi,
The point's not worth a potaty's eye;
Contemn such ulthrapedantic appeals,
And put your shoulders to these two wheels:
Reduce the charges, which now is plundering.
And teach the clerks to spell without blundering.

GLEANINGS FROM A PADDY FIELD.

An old song makes mention of a certain

"Paddywhack just come from Cork,
With his coat nately buttoned behind him."

The memory of that ancient lay will perhaps be awakened by the following advertisement extracted from a Cork newspaper:

GAME NOTICE.

THE EARL OF NORBURY requests that no one will Poach on his Estate (CARRIGMORE) without an order from him in writing. (3902)

What animal will the Prince Consort exhibit at the next Cattle-show that will beat the Earl of Norbury's Prize Bull?

He loves you better who strives to make you good than he who strives to please you.

Despise not the poor, for you may want their virtue.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practicing all night."

The Marechal d'Estrees, aged 103, heard of the death of the Duke de Treame at the age of 93. "I am very sorry for it," said the Marechal, "but not surprised; he was a poor worn-out creature; I always said that man would never live long."

CAREFUL WIFE. "Don't, Charles, go to Boston with that hole in the elbow of your shirt."

HUSBAND. "Why not, my dear?"

CAREFUL WIFE. "Because if the cars should run off the track, and you should get killed, people would think me a very negligent wife."

HUSBAND (*buttoning up his overcoat*). "Ahem! yes, I dare say they would."

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily. "Very good. Now what is a tailor?" "One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "Oh! you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips—"a man who makes tails! did you ever!" "To be sure," quoth hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made they would all be *jackets!*" "Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts's logic! Go to the head of the class, John; you'll be President of the United States some day."

A miller in the vicinity of Elgin had been indulging rather freely one evening lately in a public house in town. "When the drink's in the wit's out;" so our hero, when opposite Gray's Hospital, in the direction of his house, a mile off, fancied he saw his bed on the wayside, and a clear fire burning opposite. He therefore doffed every article he had except his shirt, and lay down at the dykeside under the drenching rain. How long he slept is not known, but on the following morning he found himself at home, with no covering but his wet linen.

A Mormon Elder, writing an account of his journey and companions to Utah, tells of preaching in places, in about the hardest string of names we ever encountered. He says that he has visited and preached in the following places in Texas: Empty-bucket, Rake-pocket, Dough-plate, Bucksnort, Possum-trot, Buzzard-roost, Hardscrabble, Nippentuck, and Lick-skillet, most of which, however, he says, are simply one-horse towns.

The Albany *Dutchman* says there is a man in Troy with a nose so long that he has had holes bored in it and uses it occasionally for a clarionet.

The following sentiment was given at a recent railroad festival in Cleveland, Ohio: "*Our Mothers*—the only faithful *tenders* who never misplaced a *switch*."

A Western lawyer, addressing the jury, says: "The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice, and fotch him in innocence."

MR. MICAWBER'S ADVICE.—"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, eleven and six; result—happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought and six; result—misery. The blossom is blighted; the leaf is withered; the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene; and—in short, you are forever floored."

A jester in the Court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes before," said the jester.

THE SAME IDEA DIFFERENTLY EXPRESSED.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning thus describes a kiss:

First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clear and white;
Slow to world-greeting, quick with it. "Oh list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead; and half missed,
Falling on my hair. Oh, beyond meed!
That was the chrysm of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down,
In perfect purple state! Since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

And "Sut Lovegood" tells his experience likewise:

"I happen to pass next day, ov cours I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, an she war mighty luvin to me; put wun arm round my neck, an tother wun whar the circingle goes round a hoss, took the 'inturn on me with her left foot,' and gin me a kiss. Says she, 'Sutty, love, I've got somethin for ye, a new sensashun'—an I believed it, for I begun to feel it already. My toes felt little minners wur a nibblin at um; a cold streak run up and down my back, like a lizard with a turkey hen after him in settin time; my heart felt hot and onsatisfied like, and then I'de cut old Soul's throat, if she'd hinted at needsisity for sich an operashun."

In a country grave-yard in New Jersey there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a young lady, with only this inscription upon it:

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Let the business of every body else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking over your business; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle you will be honored; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

Fair Sallie and her lover, Mat,
Close by the fire in silence sat;
A dish of apples, rosy-faced,
Were 'tween them on a table placed.
In vain poor Mat essayed to speak,
While blushes mantled Sallie's cheek—
For well she knew what Mat would say,
If he could only find the way.
She cast on him a sidelong look,
Then from the dish an apple took,
And deftly slicing it in twain,
She passed half to the silent swain.
Mat looked confused, then brightened up,
And said, as he the apple took,
"Now, Sallie dearest, unto me
As kind as to this 'winesap' be—
You've halved the apple—pray, *have* me!"

The Western papers say that the Illinois River has lowered a foot. When it lowers the other foot we suppose it will cease to run.

BACCHUS.

[The following lines have, we fear, reached us by a misdirection. The well-known style and mode of thought of the writer would appear to indicate that the poem was intended for another meridian.—ED. *H. W.*]

IF the red drinker think he drinks,
Or if the drunk think he is drunk,
They know not well the Morphic Sphinx,
And lack the too, too tonic spunk.

What or what not to me is near,
Brandy and water are the same;
The vamos'd gods to me appear,
And one to me is sham and pain.

They reckon ill who from me slink,
When me they fly, I clip their wings;
I am the drinker and the drink,
And I the song that Backus sings.

The rum-gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the 7×9;
But thou, Meek Soaker of the Good!
Find me, and turn thy back on brine.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, November* 9, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited no very important variations during the past week....Flour and Wheat were quite freely offered and purchased, prices closing in favor of buyers....Corn was in moderate supply and demand at firmer rates....Cotton was scarce and quiet....Provisions and Groceries were rather brisker, the former at reduced prices, and the latter at about previous figures....No remarkable movement occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 75	@	$5 25
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$4 75	@	$5 25
Extra Western Flour, per barrel....	$5 00	@	$8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.	$5 30	@	$7 75
Superfine to extra Canadian, per bbl.	$4 90	@	$6 75
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	$5 10	@	$7 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 50	@	$5 00
Buckwheat Flour, per barrel........	$5 50	@	—
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	$3 50	@	$3 75
White Wheat, per bushel...........	$1 16	@	$1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	95	@	$1 35
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel....	—	@	75
Rye, per bushel.....................	78	@	—
Barley, per bushel..................	70	@	90
Western Oats, per bushel...........	43	@	45
State Oats, per bushel..............	40	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel..	35	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	32	@	37
White Beans, per bushel...........	$1 60	@	$1 70
Cotton, middlings, per pound.......	12¼	@	13¼
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	$19 75	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	$15 75	@	$16 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel......	$9 00	@	$10 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.....	$5 75	@	$7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce........	$21 00	@	$23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	$13 00	@	$16 00
Lard, per pound....................	11¼	@	[illegible]
State Butter, per pound...........	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound.........	13	@	18
Cheese, per pound..................	6½	@	9
Undressed American Hemp, per ton.	$140 00	@	$150 00
Dressed American Hemp, per ton...	$175 00	@	$200 00
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs	50	@	70
New Hops, per pound...............	5	@	8
Clover Seed, per pound.............	10	@	—
Am. Rough Flaxseed, per bushel...	$1 25	@	$1 35
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	$3 00	@	$4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	10	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound.............	5	@	9
Cuba Muscovado Molasses, per gallon	20	@	28
Hyson Teas, per pound.............	33	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound............	35	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.......	22	@	22½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound......	7½	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound......	13	@	35
Tallow, per pound..................	9½	@	9¾

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about November 1.

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels....................	819	949
Coffee, packages..................	70 387	98,327
Cotton, bales.....................	52,311	3,571
Hemp, tons.......................	476	410
Hemp, bales......................	11,798	10,275
Hides, number....................	23,335	303,327
Leather, Sole, sides..............	65 400	285,200
Molasses, hogsheads..............	1,885	16 447
Molasses, barrels.................	38	9,8 5
Pork, barrels.....................	8,206	10,109
Beef, tierces and barrels.........	8,084	9,085
Rice, tierces.....................	1,176	1,966
Rice, bags........................	[illegible]	2,708
Sugars, hogsheads................	20,616	45,178
Sugars, bags.....................	83,000	25,103
Sugars, boxes....................	11,409	20,145
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads.......	7,068	6,177
Tobacco, crude, bales............	2,532	14,436
Tobacco, manufactured, packages	37,315	45,768

Freights were brisker and firmer. For Liverpool—Cotton, ¼ @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 7½d. @ 8½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 744.

The Live Stock Markets were very heavily supplied last Wednesday. The demand was quite moderate, and prices were lower. The reported receipts during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Oct. 28.	Week ending Nov. 4.
Beeves..........................	2,981	3,433
Milch Cows.....................	184	228
Veal Calves....................	416	419
Sheep and Lambs..............	10,645	11,148
Swine...........................	1,7[illegible]5	2,142

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	1304	Indiana..............	195
Ohio................	467	New Jersey..........	87
Illinois.............	409	Connecticut.........	28
Kentucky..........	230		

The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 6 c. for the poorest to 10½ c. for first quality, per pound....Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, continued in slack request, and were dull, at $25 00 @ $60 00 for common to extra....Veal Calves were in limited demand at 5 @ 7 c. per pound, live weight....Sheep and Lambs were plenty and salable, only at reduced rates, mainly at from $2 00 @ $5 50 per head, though some very superior Sheep brought $15 00....Swine continued abundant and in moderate request, at 5 @ 6 c. for live, and 6½ @ 8½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Markets are more generally active, the supplies being quite liberal, and the demand more vigorous. The variations in prices are not important.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel................	$1 50	@	$3 50
Grapes, per pound................	5	@	10
Pears, extra, per barrel..........	$10 00	@	$12 00
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	$1 25	@	$5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel............	$4 00	@	—
Peanuts, per bushel..............	70	@	$1 25
Barberries, per barrel............	$2 00	@	—
Potatoes, per barrel..............	$1 50	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel.............	$2 00	@	$3 00
Onions, per barrel...............	$1 25	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel..............	50	@	$1 00
Tomatoes, per basket............	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel.............	$1 75	@	$2 00
Pumpkins, per 100...............	$4 00	@	$10 00
Beets, per barrel.................	$1 50	@	—
Cabbages, per 100................	$2 00	@	$4 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen..........	75	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel..............	—	@	$1 50
Carrots, per barrel...............	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beans, per bushel................	62	@	75
Leeks, per 100....................	$3 00	@	$4 00
Celery, per dozen................	75	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100...................	$6 00	@	$6 50
Peppers, per 100.................	75	@	$1 00
Cranberries, per barrel..........	$6 00	@	$9 00
Eggs, Western, per dozen........	9	@	12
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..........	15½	@	17
Chickens, per pair...............	50	@	$1 00
Fowls, per pair...................	62	@	87
Fowls, per pound.................	11	@	15
Ducks, per pair...................	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound..............	12	@	16
Turkeys, each....................	88	@	$1 25
Geese, each......................	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, per dozen..............	$1 00	@	$1 63
" wild, per dozen..............	75	@	88
Woodcock, per dozen............	$2 00	@	$2 25
Partridge, per pair..............	63	@	69
Roasting Pigs....................	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, each....................	10	@	15
Hares, each......................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each..................	9	@	10
Venison, per pound..............	8	@	15
Beef, per pound..................	5½	@	8
Mutton, per pound...............	5½	@	8
Lamb, per pound.................	7	@	9
Veal, per pound..................	7	@	10
Pork, per pound..................	7	@	9

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 9, 1857.

WE have to report a week of increased ease in the money market, and improved feeling in almost every branch of trade. Though the worst news may not yet have been received from Europe, the opinion prevails that we have already discounted the worst we can receive, and may be very agreeably disappointed. First-class paper is in demand, and money abundant on call to holders of first-class securities.

The trade of the port for the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 7, 1857	$2,312,625...	$1,426,905
Corresponding week, 1856	3,215,824....	1,522,841
Decrease.............	$903,199	$95,936

The gold export was $227,000 against over $700,000 last year. The banks received during the week from various sources near three and a half millions of specie, of which some $750,000 were sent on to New Orleans to bring Cotton to market.

The rally in Stocks continues; prices range 10 @ 15 @ 20 per cent. higher than they stood a month ago.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

40 PER CENT. BELOW COST.
Great reduction in
CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, AND FURS.
The subscriber is prepared to
Close out his
Fall and winter stock of
Cloaks, Mantillas, and Furs,
At retail,
FOR CASH, AT
40 per cent. below cost prices.
WM. B. MACKENZIE,
294 and 296 Canal Street, Brandreth Building.

$150 WILL PAY FOR BOARD AND TUITION in the FLUSHING FEMALE COLLEGE one year. Address Rev. WILLIAM H. GILDER, A.M., President, at Flushing, Long Island.

WILL CLOSE DECEMBER 1. THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS by MODERN ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL, which is now at the OLD ART-UNION ROOMS, No. 497 Broadway, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and in the EVENING from 7 to 10 o'clock. *N. B.*—The Pictures will be exhibited by gas light during the day when necessary.
B. FRODSHAM, Sec.

CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Now ready and for sale by all Newsvenders,
PARTS I. TO XI. INCLUSIVE OF THE
MONTHLY PARTS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, the most valuable and interesting Publication of the day. Each MONTHLY PART contains 64 PAGES of choice reading, and numerous SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS. Price 20 cents per Part. Dealers supplied by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BACON says, "*A few words go to prove a fact.*" It is so, for Bogle's Hyperion Fluid for the Hair, his Prize Medal Electric Hair Dye, and his Balm of Cytheria for beautifying the Complexion, are, in truth, unsurpassed in their virtues. Sold by WM. BOGLE, Boston, and Druggists everywhere.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The value of Sarsaparilla as a Medicine for diseases in the blood is well known, and when the genuine extract is used, its invigorating and purifying effects speedily produce the most beneficial effects. Now is the time to set yourself to rights, and ward off a possible fit of sickness.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

ALLSOPPS' EAST INDIA PALE ALE.
MESSRS. ALLSOPP & SONS can not refrain from reminding the Public that it is entirely owing to the exertions of their House that "Burton" possesses its present important trade in "Pale Ale." Messrs. Allsopp & Sons first introduced this Article to the Indian Market 30 years ago, since which period its great popularity has remained unshaken; and, until they commenced shipping their Ale to the United States—3 years since—English Draught Ale was unknown in America. These circumstances induce Messrs. Allsopp & Sons to feel confident the American Public will support them in their endeavors to make their Bitter Ale a general drink in this country; and its anti-bilious and tonic properties, its refreshing and agreeable flavor, make it a beverage especially adapted for the States during the Hot Season. The principal medical men in America and England recommend its use to invalids as a most efficient tonic. In consequence of the reported adulteration of some descriptions of Bitter Ale, Messrs. Allsopp & Sons have received numerous incidental Testimonials to the excellence, purity, and salutary effects of their Ale. By the following extracts, among a number from the most eminent medical men, the Profession throughout the country will have the satisfaction of finding their just appreciation of the remedial advantages of ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE amply confirmed by the concurring testimony of the most able Physicians and Surgeons, as well as the most illustrious Chemists of the time:
From BARON LIEBIG.—"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, *and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.* *Giessen*, May 6."
From PROFESSOR GRAHAM, F.R.S., University College, London, and PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Ph.D., F.R.S., College of Chemistry, London.—"The sifting nature of the chemical examination which the Beers of Messrs. ALLSOPPS' manufacture for many months past have been subjected to, fully establishes their incontestable purity. The Process of brewing Pale Ale is one in which nothing but water and the best malt and hops, of the first quality, are used; *it is an operation of the greatest delicacy and care*, which would be entirely ruined by any tampering with the materials employed. *London*, April 26."
From the ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSIONER *of the* "LANCET," MAY 15, 1852.—"From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present, and the very considerable quantity of aromatic anodyne bitter derived from hops contained in these Beers, they tend to preserve the tone and vigor of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ when in a state of weakness or debility. They resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a WINE OF MALT rather than an ordinary fermented infusion; and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is entirely free from every kind of impurity."
From PROFESSOR MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E., Member of the Royal Irish Academy.—"I have carefully examined and analysed samples of your Ales, and find that they do not contain a particle of any injurious substance. *I and my family have used your Ales for years, and with perfect confidence in their purity.* I know that Pale Ale, when prepared, as it must be in your Brewery, under scientific surveillance, contains a large quantity of nutritious matter; and the hop, by its tonic properties, gives a healthy tone to the stomach.
"COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, *Liverpool*, April 20."
And many others, which can be seen at the office of Mr. ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, New York, our sole Agent for the United States.
Burton on Trent, June, 1857.
NOTICE.—This Ale is to be had on Draught at all the principal Hotels and Restaurants, and in Bottles (in cases containing two and six dozen pints) at all Wine-Merchants and Grocers throughout the Union. The undersigned would call the attention of the Trade to the fact, that a large Stock being always kept on hand, in Bond, the supply throughout the year can be guaranteed.
ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, N. Y., Sole Agent for the United States.

FURS.—WHITCOMB, PRENTICE & CO., 174 Water Street, WHOLESALE DEALERS in Furs, offer their entire Stock of LADIES' AND GENTLEMENS' FURS at
RETAIL FOR CASH,
AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES. Every article is of our own manufacture, and warranted.

RAYMOND INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES—Carmel, Putnam Co., N. Y. The next Session opens on the 2d of November, 1857. Catalogues obtained of Carter & Bro., Broadway, N. Y., or by addressing the Principal, Rev. W. B. Stewart.

JULES ROBIN & CO'S COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated and favorite Cognac Brandy is constantly being received, and is for sale in assorted packages by the agents at the lowest market prices.
WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, Sole Agents,
47 Water Street, N. Y.

ART RECREATIONS.—Directions to *our new style* of Antique Painting on Glass, Oriental Painting, Grecian Painting, and Potichomanie furnished so full and complete that a person without previous knowledge of drawing or painting, can be sure to acquire, on receipt of One Dollar, with receipts for varnish, &c. Circulars, list of Engravings suitable, and other information sent free. Address J. E. TILTON, Salem, Mass., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Artists' Goods.

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PARSONS & CO., FLUSHING, L. I., offer to Purchasers a large Stock of ORNAMENTAL and FRUIT TREES, ROSES, GREENHOUSE PLANTS, &c. Catalogues by mail, or at 29 Wall Street.

GRAPE LEAF GIN.—We are constantly receiving Invoices of this celebrated Gin, in pipes and three-quarter pipes. The manufactory from which this Gin is obtained in Schiedam has been in existence over 200 years, and therefore explains the reason why this Gin is superior to the common grade of Gin and Schnapps imported into this market.
WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, 47 Water Street, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE—the safest and best in the world—does not stain the Skin, and is so natural and perfect, that it can not be detected by the closest observer. Sold every where.
CRISTADORO & CO., 6 Astor House, N. Y.

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